

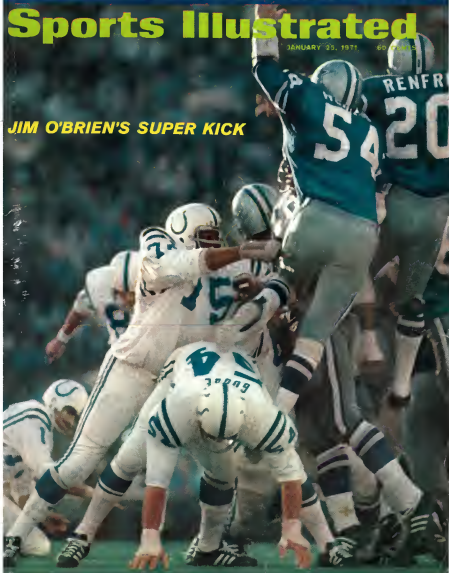
BALTIMORE WINS THE BLUNDER BOWL

Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 25, 1971

60 CENTS

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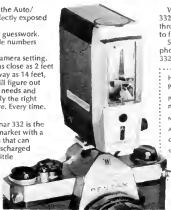
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Other family wagons are just fair weather friends. Not the Wagoneer. It doesn't sit around waiting for the snowplow to scrape the street clear. It's got the guts to make its own way.

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Everything to make winter driving easier.

You can see why the Wagoneer outsells all other 4-wheel drive wagons combined. And this year's list price aims to keep it that way.

The toughest
4-letter word on wheels.

Jeep

Products from American Motors

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Next week

RYUN RUNS AGAIN after a year and a half in virtual seclusion Pat Sumners is on hand in San Francisco to observe the famed trier's return to big-league competition.

CURT FLOOD, back and a surprising Senator, tells of the last dog days with the Cardinals, his reasons for suing baseball, and why after a year he is wearing those flannels again.

AN OLD ISLAND in search of a new role, the Dominican Republic is reaching out for tourists. A special 12-page report on the island, its fashions—and its potential.

**YOU CAN'T RECAPTURE THE 1920's
WITH JUST ONE PICTURE.**



So **TIME LIFE BOOKS** has done it with 331 pictures like these



Ahead of her time. A too-daring bathing suit lends this protesting young lady in the arms of the late Alvin Karpis place in Chicago in 1932.



"A Ford Return to Coaching Days" That was the appeal of this 1927 Lincoln, built to resemble a horse-drawn coach of earlier days. But the price was far from old-fashioned: \$8,500.



To Walk a Mile for a Cabaret

—but
a "MISS"
at
Good
at
a
MILE

Famous women like the one above abounded in ads of the 20's. Additional examples include "The pass that re-creates," "Quick, Henry, the Fiat!" and "Good to be bad drop." Like others the later slogan line refined its creator, Theodore Roosevelt.



Prohibition brought out the ingenuity of Americans, who hid cellars' booze in everything from hollow combs to Russian dolls.



Hayley of Shanks, in sheet music (above), in movies, and on college campuses, the shank was the cool of the day.

Examine Time-Life's dazzling album, **This Fabulous Century: 1920-1930**, free in your home for 10 days

In the 1920's there was no picture magazine called *Life* to capture and preserve the fads, fashions and fun of the time. But many of the photos, cartoons, ads and souvenirs that would have gone into such a magazine still exist—stored away in photo archives, library files, newspaper morgues and private collections.

To re-create this all-but-lost era, the editors of Time-Life Books have spent thousands of hours searching through hundreds of sources and carefully selecting the most eloquent moments of that wonderful, wacky time.

The pictures above offer just a few glimpses of the fascinating volume which has resulted, but these few pictures simply can't do justice to this captivating book. So we'll like to send you the whole book. It's one of eight planned volumes which will permit Americans to relive, decade by decade *This Fabulous Century*!

In this captivating album, you'll see a whole gallery of photos and other mementos of the Roaring Twenties—331 memorably expressive

illustrations in all. You'll see college "shanks" and "shanks", sports heroes and literary giants, floppy pants and mini skirts. Ragtime actors and daredevil stunt films...early chain stores and ornate movie palaces.

And in the crisp captions and sparkling text, you'll read about the great Crash of 1929...Prohibition...the racketeers...the automobile revolution...early radio...the Jazz Age...the dance mania...the Mah-Jongg craze...and more.

Enjoy the volume free for 10 days. Then return it at your wish. Or keep it and pay \$7.95, plus shipping and handling, and every other month thereafter we'll send you without obligation another volume in the eight-volume series. But you don't have to buy all eight volumes—each book is sent to you on approval, and you can cancel your subscription whenever you wish. To get the 1920's volume for free examination, just detach and mail the bound-in postpaid reply form. Or write Time-Life Books, Dept. 1921, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



"These wild devices." Four hangers 1920's-style, one of them is a chair.



The shank was the badge of the college man. Here it provides the accompaniment for some undergrounds' history.

- 288 pages, 9 1/2" x 11 1/2" page size
- 331 pictures—many in color
- Hardbound in patterned cloth, gold-stamped spine



Eight glorious volumes span "This Fabulous Century"



- 1920-1929 Prologue
- 1920-1929 "In My Merry Glammable"
- 1920-1929 "Doo! Be a Sucker!"
- 1920-1929 "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More"
- 1920-1929 The Party's Over
- 1920-1929 War and Its Aftermath
- 1920-1929 The Age of Opium
- 1920-1929 "Do Your Own Thing"





'71 Firebird Esprit

A bumper you can knock.
And a price you can't.

You'll find both on the new 1971 Pontiac Firebird Esprit. Yet, surprisingly enough, it's our most luxurious sports car.

The price is most considerate . . . considering.

Where else would you get a sports car that comes on like one of those expensive European jobs—for a fraction of the money? Where else would you get a sports car that comes on with such a long list of safety features—things like protective steel beams in the doors? Let's face it: Pontiac's done it again.

The bumper's hard to find, harder to dent.

We'll understand if you don't see it right off. Because Esprit's bumper looks like sheet metal and it's painted like the rest of the body. Actually, it covers the entire front end of every '71 Firebird. And it's made of Endura—Pontiac's rustproof and amazingly resilient material that resists dents, dings and chipping.

A limousine-like ride in a nimble sports car.

The '71 Esprit's ride was developed through a clever mix of engineering and interior decorating. We took out the rear bench seat and raised the drive tunnel, creating more room for vertical rear-suspension travel and allowing the use of softer springs and shocks. Then, we flanked the higher tunnel with two smart-looking bucket-type rear seats. More room and more comfort for two—a much more cushioned ride for four.

Luxury you'll have to sink into to believe.

You get a great Esprit styling story from pictures. But you can't begin to appreciate its luxury without getting into one. The high-back front seats are solid foam over steel. Every cushion wire is locked in by foam padding to give you uniform comfort for the life of the car. And the upholstery is a distinctive cloth or a special knit vinyl that actually breathes—keeping you cooler in summer and warmer in winter.

Exit limousine, enter performance.

Esprit's big-car ride is kept flatter through sharp turns by a big front stabilizer bar. And a wide, wide-Track stance. Front disc brakes are standard. And the standard engine's a responsive 350-cubic-inch V-8, with floor-mounted 3-speed transmission.

If it all sounds inviting, there's a place nearby where you can thump the Endura and check out the rest of our story. At your Pontiac dealer's, of course. That's where you'll find the 1971 Firebird Esprit. Now,



Pure Pontiac!



The filter system you'd need a scientist to explain...but Doral says it in two words, "Taste me"



with or without menthol

15 mg. "tar" 10 mg. nicotine

SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

PLENTY CRUZEIROS FOR PELÉ

The \$5 million that Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier will split after their coming heavyweight championship bout is very nice pay for an hour's work or less, but prizefighting is not a steady job. Consider the earnings of the Brazilian soccer king, Pelé.

Previously it had been estimated that Pelé drew down \$500,000 a year. It would appear now that his take is quite a good bit higher. The Brazilian magazine *Revulúde*, a highly responsible publication, calculates it at \$720,000—year in, year out.

Revulúde reports that Pelé gets a monthly salary of \$12,600 from his football club, Santos. Prize money gives him another \$5,600 monthly. He gets \$600 for each exhibition game within Brazil and \$3,000 per exhibition outside the country. Promotions bring him about \$12,720 a month. Business interests earn him some \$8,100 monthly.

Which all means that for playing soccer alone, on a regular basis, he makes approximately \$218,400 a year. Promotion and business investments bring him \$249,840 annually, for a total of \$468,240. The amount of money he has in stocks is not known, but Pelé admits that it is a "good amount." And he receives some percentage royalties that the magazine had to estimate.

Now, on top of that \$720,000, Pelé has under consideration promotion offers that would increase his 1971 income by about \$220,000.

FADING IMAGE

Until last week it appeared that Buffalo had finally achieved a long-awaited big-league image, what with the addition in the past year of two major league teams—the Braves of the National Basketball Association and the Sabres of the National Hockey League. Then, suddenly, the city lost a college football team and next day learned that the departure of its beloved football Bills was imminent, or at least seriously threatened.

Ralph C. Wilson Jr., the Detroitier who owns the Bills, announced he was conferring with Seattle officials to make arrangements for moving his football club to the West Coast. Reason: he can no longer wait for Buffalo to come up with a promised new stadium. The city's 46,206-seat War Memorial Stadium, where the Bills have played since the American Football League was founded with Buffalo as a member, "is so bad that we are having difficulty scheduling future preseason games at home," Wilson said.

"The climate for a suitable new stadium in the immediate future does not exist in Buffalo," he went on. "This leaves the Bills no alternative but to move."

In 1968 Erie County adopted a bond-issue resolution authorizing \$50 million for a domed stadium, then rescinded it when it was learned that the cost would exceed that amount.

Money was troubling the University of Buffalo, too. It has accumulated a deficit of more than \$400,000 in its intercollegiate athletic program since 1967. So no more football for the University of Buffalo.

CURE FOR THE PURPLE PLAGUE?

The water hyacinth, a Latin American native, was introduced to Florida back in 1884 by a dear lady who thought it looked pretty, which it does. Since then the plants have multiplied to the point that they cover 80,560 acres of the state's waterways and, though fortunes have been spent in efforts to eradicate them, no way has been found. Even vegetation-eating manatees and tropical fish have been introduced, with no appreciable result. The waterways have remained choked with otherwise lovely purple flowers.

Now a 45-year-old Sarasota owner of an auto-inspection station, Duane Leach, and his son, Duane Jr., have spent more than \$80,000 to develop what they believe is a foolproof hyacinth harvesting

machine. They have even organized a company that they hope will be able to sell the ground-up weed as livestock food and, because it holds water so well, as a base to be placed beneath lawn sod.

The state agriculture department is very much interested, and Warren Henderson, minority leader of the Florida Senate, says, "I have been so impressed with the demonstrations and the results that I plan to do everything in my power to convince members of the State Department of Natural Resources that this machine is absolutely foolproof."

Which could be good news for Florida's freshwater boaters.

WITHOUT A SCRATCH

When 5-year-old Suzanne Siebeki of Los Angeles was about to lose her first tooth she was also learning to shoot rotation on her dad's newly installed pool table. Resourceful Suzanne used her own version of the old string-tied-to-the-door-knob routine. She fastened one end of a long piece of dental



floss to the wobbly tooth and the other end to her cue, then took her shot. Out popped the tooth, followed by a magnificent, if somewhat altered grin. And she made the four-ball in the side pocket, too.

BIRDIE

Troubled by a faulty putter, 74-year-old Lloyd Yost of Dunedin, Fla. quit the Belleair Seniors golf tournament after a bad morning round. Back home in the afternoon he got to wondering how the other fellows were making out,

continued



Allstate
life insurance
says if you die,
your girl keeps
rolling along.

Allstate. The young man's life insurance.

We know what a young man wants.
No high prices. No high pressure. No
appointment needed. Just walk in. Soon?

If you're 28 and
you pay this much
each month:

\$5
\$10
\$15
\$20

Here's how much you get,
20-year decreasing term
insurance.

\$13,000
\$32,000
\$64,000
\$88,000

(Even more if you're younger)



You're in good hands with Allstate

hopped into his Cessna, flew about 10 miles and, because the plane is equipped for short takeoffs and landings, was able to come down on a practice fairway.

While Yost checked the scoreboard, local police scurried about and someone telephoned the Federal Aviation Administration. The FAA said Yost had broken none of its regulations, but the cops gave him a ticket—good for a fine of \$500 or three months in jail—for flying at less than 1,000 feet over the town of Belleair.

Unperturbed by the prospect of punishment, Yost got back in his plane and took off for home. His flight log lists better than 14,000 hours compiled in more than 50 years of flying, and it is just possible that he might come up against a golfing judge.

SNOW USE TRYING

For the past four years the Oregon Museum of Science and Industry in Portland has been giving weekend courses in the art of survival during a winter storm. Students attend lectures and are taken to nearby Mount Hood, where they construct snow caves and stay in them overnight. They are taught signaling procedures, how to keep warm and appropriate exercises.

But last week the students got no farther than the museum's parking lot. Class was canceled because 15 inches of snow covered the lot.

INTERVIEW

Bob Asher, a rookie offensive lineman for the Dallas Cowboys, took a dim view of the tremendous number of newsmen (about 800) covering the Super Bowl.

"All these newspapermen," he grumbled, "keep asking me the same question."

"What question is that?" asked Team-mate John Ninkand, a five-year veteran. "What's your name?" Asher sighed.

TRAPLINE

For \$850 a vacationer who can stand the gaff will be able to spend a week 250 miles north of the Arctic Circle this spring following a trapper on his rounds. The week will be spent in the Mackenzie Delta, the first few days of it touring communities of the region and the last three days and nights on the trapline.

The tourists will not be permitted to

hunt or trap, but will assist the trapper with chores along the trail. Travel from Edmonton to Inuvik and around the delta will be by aircraft, but along the trapline it will be either by dog team or snowmobile. During the three days on the trapline the tourists will live off the land, just like their trapper hosts. They will sleep in tents or log cabins in a world free of smog and other urban problems.

The program will be carried on between March 1 and mid-April, the period when muskrat furs, a mainstay of the delta trappers, are in prime condition. Sponsored jointly by Travel Arctic, the territorial council's travel bureau, and Inuvik's travel agency, Mac Travel, the first program will be limited to 20 tourists (one to a trapper) who supply a doctor's certificate saying that they are in good physical condition.

When most people take a holiday they say it's to get away from it all. The trappers say they have some getaway.

THE SPECIALIST

Once more Gus Johnson of the Baltimore Bullets has established that basketball's glass backboards are not bulletproof. He proved it again the other night in Milwaukee. It was, he said, his third smashed backboard.

But Johnson clearly preferred the two others—one in St. Louis in 1965 and another in Oakland in 1963.

"The one in St. Louis left a perfect circle," Johnson said. "It was beautiful. The rim fell off and hit one of my teammates, Sihugo Green, on the foot. The one in Oakland just shattered from corner to corner."

This time Johnson tore the basket loose from its moorings, put a jagged hole in the backboard and splattered glass over the floor.

"As soon as I hit it I knew the board was gone," he said. "I tried to run away and closed my eyes. I wound up with a head full of glass."

On the bench at the time, Lew Alcindor flung his arms above his head in glee. "It was a thrill," he said. "I've always been a fan of his. I saw him do it one time on television when I was in high school."

GREAT MINDS, SINGLE THOUGHT

A couple of weeks before the Texas game Notre Dame Coach Ara Parseghian got a phone call from a stranger, one Jack Dawson, coach at Westbrook (Maine)

High School. Dawson proceeded to recommend to the Irish coach the very defense Parseghian was installing secretly for the Cotton Bowl game.

"I wondered if I was being scouted by a Texas sympathizer, or if Dawson actually had seen us at practice," Ara said.

The proposed defense was to be used against the Texas Wishbone T, which provides three running options for the quarterback and can be complemented by running or drop-back passes. The Parseghian-Dawson defense involved man-to-man coverage on Texas backs by linebackers who were positioned in an inverted Wishbone, thus enabling one or two linebackers to meet the play at the line of scrimmage no matter what the Texas option might be.

The defense worked, of course, as Dawson knew it would. His own team had used it successfully against a Wishbone attack.

CLERGY CASTS STONE

Curling is not Canada's national sport but it is up there somewhere and there are no more dedicated bonspielers than four Toronto clergymen who meet on the ice every Monday morning.

The Rev. Harold Burgess, minister of Bloodelle United Church and former chaplain of the Ontario Curling Association, explains why the group chose Monday mornings for their meetings. "Nobody gets married on Monday mornings," he says, "and we have a deal with the funeral directors, so they try not to schedule funerals until early Monday afternoon. But sometimes they pick up a minister right at the club to take him to a funeral."

FASHION NOTE

The Chicago White Sox will wear red socks next season.

THEY SAID IT

• Culvan Hill, Rookie of the Year and Dallas Cowboy running back, who was benched for much of the season: "The worst part of it is waking up on Monday morning and not aching. You feel you haven't done anything."

• Dave Williams, Houston golf coach, suggesting replacing four-year athletic scholarships with one-year agreements to reduce spiraling costs: "The only person I know working on a four-year contract is the President of the United States, and he can get impeached."

END

ELEVEN BIG MISTAKES

Baltimore had seven turnovers and Dallas only four as both teams bumbled through a laughter of a Super Bowl, but in the end the joke was on the Cowboys, who made the biggest mistake of all—losing **by TEX MAULE**

Perhaps the game should be called the Blunder Bowl from now on. The Baltimore Colts are the new world champions, but they won their first Super Bowl by default, not design. They defeated the Dallas Cowboys 16-13 on a field goal by rookie Placekicker Jim O'Brien (see center) with five seconds remaining, one of the few plays of the day that worked as it was supposed to.

Prior to this ultimate fiasco of excellence, the Colts had entertained 80,000 Miami fans and a television audience from the far reaches of West Germany to Japan with five fumbles, four of them recovered by Dallas, three interceptions and a blocked extra point. That ought to be enough to present almost any opponent with a hail game, but Dallas proved it was not just any opponent. Indeed, the Cowboys finally demonstrated that they had an even greater talent for making the big boo-hoo. And to think television was worried that situation comedy was dead.

No one has ever accused Craig Morton of being a great quarterback, and after this game it is unlikely that anyone ever will. He completed 12 of his 26 passes—most of them short ones—but he also threw three interceptions and missed open receivers repeatedly. "It was a great challenge," he said sadly after the game. He was accurate there. "I just didn't do it." He was right again, but there is no need for Morton to take more than his share of the blame. Cowboys, Colts, officials and fans all ganged up to give pro football fans a hilarious—and thrilling—afternoon.

To chronicle events is to catalog ca-

tastrophe. To wit: after a spectacularly dull opening five or six minutes, Johnny Unitas set the tone for the day—establishing the game plan, it is sometimes called—by throwing an interception to Dallas linebacker Chuck Howley, who made a diving, juggling catch of the poorly thrown ball and returned it to the Baltimore 46, where Unitas, of all people, made the tackle.

The Cowboys moved quickly backward to their own 31 and had to punt, giving Ron Garden, the Baltimore safety, his first serious opportunity. Garden darted nimbly to his left, leaving the ball behind on his own nine-yard line, where Dallas recovered.

Thanks to this gift, the Cowboys were able to score, but naturally not a touchdown. Morton overthrew Reggie Rucker in the end zone on third down and Dallas had to settle for a field goal that Mike Clark kicked from the 14.

Meanwhile, the Colts were having no success at all trying to run. But on the other hand they were having no success at all trying to pass, either.

Late in the first period, Morton threw one of his few really good passes, down the sideline to Bob Hayes. You are not supposed to complete long passes into the Baltimore zone defense, but Hayes somehow came up with this one as the middle man in a Charlie Stukes-Hayes-Jerry Logan sandwich. The pass went to the Baltimore 12 and the Colts moved it even closer by drawing a penalty for roughing Morton.

Morton quickly managed to back Dallas out of touchdown range by hesitating on a pass until Baltimore Tackle

Billy Ray Smith had engulfed him and then throwing the ball at Guard Blaine Nye, who was conveniently nearby but an inept receiver. Morton was called for intentionally grounding the ball, which costs 15 yards and a down. So Clark kicked a 30-yard field goal to make it 6-0.

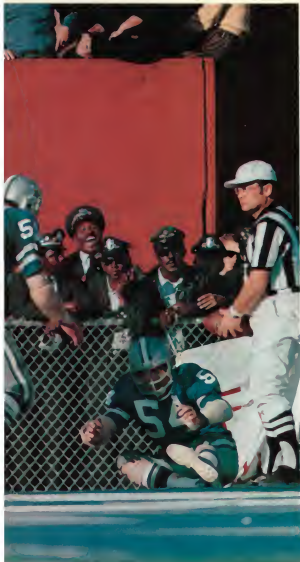
Now came a play that, as John Mackey said later, was definitely not a part of the Baltimore game plan. Unitas, as noted, had been having trouble completing passes against the meticulous Cowboy defense. The rush of the front four was hurrying him, the linebackers were dropping off into his passing lanes and the Cowboy defensive backs clung tenaciously to his receivers. After the Dallas kickoff, Unitas threw two passes, both incomplete, then tried a third. This one was intended for Wide Receiver Eddie Hinton but was far over his head. Hinton jumped high and managed to touch the ball with his fingertips, deflecting it toward Mel Renfro, a Cowboy defensive back, who also seemed to touch it with his fingertips. The ball finally came to rest in the sure hands of a surprised Mackey, who scored to complete a 75-yard touchdown play.

"Somebody touched the ball," Renfro said later. "I don't think I did." If Mel, or perhaps Cornell Green, had not touched the ball, the pass would have been ruled incomplete, since two offensive players cannot handle the ball

continued

Reggie Rucker is grabbed by Rick Volk after grabbing a pass, but the real problem is the official's flag: Dallas was caught interfering.





BIG MISTAKES *continued*

as receivers unless a lateral is involved. "I wasn't the primary receiver," Mackey was to admit. "My job was to go deep to clear the zone and Hinton cuts in under me. It's what we call an individual to the flanker." Now it's an individual to the flanker to the tight end.

By any name, it gave the Colts six points, which is all they got since their extra-point attempt was blocked when Tom Nowatzke missed his man, leaving the score tied 6-6.

So, despite its errors, Baltimore was even. But not for long. Unitas, running when his receivers were covered, fumbled as he was hit, Dallas recovering on the Colts' 28.

Morton, under a blitz, hit Dan Reeves with a short pass that Reeves converted into a 17-yard gain. Then Morton threw another short pass, this one to Duane Thomas, who ran it in. The Cowboys were back on top 13-6.

Nor did Baltimore's chances seem to improve when on the next series Unitas, dropping back to pass, was smashed by George Andrie, the ball fluttering into the hands of Renfro for yet another interception. Unitas suffered a hairline fracture of his rib cage on the play and left the game for good. But this set the stage for the redemption of Earl Morrall, the goat of the Colts' Super Bowl debacle against the Jets two years ago.

The first time Morrall handled the ball he threw a lovely pass to Hinton for 26 yards. Then he hit Roy Jefferson on a similar pattern for 21 more. Just like that, Earl Morrall had the Colts on the Dallas two.

Touchdown probably, field goal certainly. But not in the Blunder Bowl. Morrall sent Norm Bulaich into the line three times and wound up right there on the same two-yard line. With 21 seconds left in the half, Morrall called time out and trotted over to the sideline to confer with Head Coach Don McCafferty. Since the Colts were trailing by seven points, a field goal would put them inside touch-down range and was obviously the only

continued

In the fourth quarter, Chuck Howley's end-zone interception stopped one Baltimore drive and provided at least one chuckle.

Pynnar yet was the madcap chase of Edie Hinton's fumble, which tumbling Charlie Welser flooly turned into a touchback.





call. But McCafferty is a rookie, albeit a good one. And he could not betray the character of the day. So he called for a pass to Tight End Tom Mitchell. It was incomplete and the Colts wound up with nothing for Morrall's heroics but a half-time rest to mull matters over.

"If we had lost, it would have been the worst call I made this year," McCafferty said later. "If it had worked, I would have been a hero."

After the half it could reasonably be expected that these two quite good football teams—the pro game's finest—would settle down to the cool, surgical business the sport has become. But disappoint all those pigging spectators? Dallas kicked off, the AFC's top kick-off return man, Jim Duncan, gathered the ball in—and fumbled it. Dallas recovered at the Baltimore 31.

By now Morton, or rather Coach Tom Landry, had forsaken the forward pass as a weapon, and Morton handed off five times to his running backs, who drove to a first and goal on the Baltimore two. Touchdown? Field goal? Relax. Thomas, the Cowboys' truly gifted rookie, fumbled. Duncan, getting used to bouncing balls, fell on it—and the Colts were still only seven points behind.

"After that," said Landry, "it was all errors for us."

So it was. Renfro, a veteran defensive back who played a marvelous game all afternoon, suffered a strange mental lapse on a Baltimore field-goal attempt a little later. The kick was short, but instead of returning it Renfro let it bounce and the ball died on the Dallas six-inch line.

"I can't second-guess myself," he second-guessed. "I thought it would carry into the end zone. I should have picked it up."

The Colts, holding the Cowboys in their own territory after this play, moved down to the Dallas 15, primarily on a pass to Nowatzke from Morrall that carried 45 yards. But Morrall, under a vicious rush by Andrie, was intercepted by Howley in the end zone just as the last period began.

That was the sixth Baltimore turnover,

but the real wouser was yet to come. It happened on a play you might diagram in the dirt during a back lot game of touch. There were about nine minutes left and it was still 13-6 Dallas when Morrall lateraled the ball to Sam Havrilak, a halfback who was once a quarterback for Bucknell. Havrilak was supposed to lateral the ball back to Morrall, who would then throw a pass to Hinton at the flag that marks the corner of the field at the end zone.

Morrall got the ball to Havrilak all right, but Keith Pugh, the big Cowboy tackle, was between Morrall and Havrilak when Sam was supposed to throw the ball back, so Havrilak, like a good Bucknell quarterback, looked down the field, saw Mackey open and threw the ball at him. Naturally, Hinton cut in front of Mackey and caught it and headed for the goal line—yes, the right goal line.

"I could see the end zone in front of me," he said. "I was trying to work my way there when all of a sudden someone knocked the ball out of my hands from behind. I tried to get to it but someone tackled me and I couldn't reach it."

Green had hooked the ball out of Hinton's grasp and Renfro had tackled him. The ball, meanwhile, was skirting over the goal line, where a bevy of Cowboys and Colts took turns not recovering it until it had trickled beyond the end zone. The officials ruled it a touchback, giving the Cowboys the ball on their own 20-yard line.

That was Baltimore's seventh disaster, and the Colts never tried for an eighth. But Dallas had a few in store. Almost immediately Morton threw a pass intended for Walt Garrison that was tipped by Duncan and intercepted by Safety Rick Volk.

Volk carried the ball down to the Dallas three-yard line. Touchdown? You bet. Two Nowatzke plunges, plus the automatic—automatic?—extra point, tied the game.

Now there were only seven minutes and 35 seconds left and almost everyone in the Orange Bowl knew that whoever made the last mistake would lose. Not that there wasn't time for plenty more by both sides.

For a while Baltimore seemed to have made the super grand final mistake by somehow allowing itself to get penned deep in its own territory. With some

three minutes left, Ron Widby of the Cowboys punted to the Colts' five-yard line, which is not what the telecasters would call good field position. Not daring to pass, Morrall handed off three times: when Baltimore punted the Cowboys had the ball on the Colts' 48' with just under two minutes left, plenty of time to maneuver into field-goal range. In fact, they were nearly there already.

Yet even now dark forebodings must have been stirring—and justifiably—in the hearts of Dallas followers. Morton got trapped and thrown for a loss and a Cowboy lineman was caught holding—fruitlessly, it seems—at the same time. The double trouble moved Dallas back to its own 27. Now the Cowboys had lost the edge. Not wanting to settle for a tie in regulation play and face the hazards of sudden-death, Morton tried another pass. The ball bounced off the fingers of Reeves, who might have caught it, and was intercepted by Linebacker Mike Curtis who returned it to the Cowboy 28. Dallas had lost both the edge and the game.

Blunder Bowl it may have been, but Baltimore was now through with the silly business. Twice Morrall handed off to Bulach, who ground out three yards to the 25. Meanwhile, on the sidelines, Jim O'Brien, 23 years old and nicknamed Lawie because of his long hair, warmed up his kicking leg. With nine seconds left, Morrall called time-out and O'Brien came on. The ball was spotted on the 32. O'Brien caught it firmly and it stayed inside the right post by a good six feet. And that was it, 16-13 Baltimore.

Esthetically, it wasn't very good football, but it was far from boring. Mistakes create excitement and there were at least 11 big ones in this game. It was the first truly exciting Super Bowl.

Billy Ray Smith, who finished his 13th season and is retiring, summed the game up well. He looked dead tired afterward, sitting before his dressing cubicle in the Baltimore locker room, blood splattered on his pants.

"We figured we could win if our offense didn't put us into too many holes," he said and, as the little circle of reporters around him laughed, he added, "Let me put it this way. They didn't put us into any holes we couldn't get out of."

Unfortunately for Dallas and its fans, the Cowboy defense could not quite say the same.

END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER JONES JR. AND NEIL LEHRER

Time is running out in the Super Bowl and cornerback Mel Renfro, who vainly tried to block the winning field goal, has run out of hope.

EXPERIMENT IN DRUGS AT SANTA ANITA

No, you still can't fix a race. But, in a major departure, California now lets horses run while soothed by Butazolidin **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

If you did not hear of a horse named Jungle Savage last year, it is probably because he did not show enough in his 11 races in 1970 to become widely known. But a couple of weeks ago at Santa Anita the 5-year-old came from last place to win the \$30,000 Palos Verdes Handicap, and last Saturday, in the \$50,000 San Carlos Handicap, he again came on with a rush to finish a strong second to the winner, Ack Ack, whose time equaled the record for the race.

"Remarkable," a horseplayer might have thought as he scanned the colt's past performances. But the secret of his

surprising 1971 success, according to his trainer, Johnny Longden, is simple: Jungle Savage takes Butazolidin.

Owned by Frank McMahon, whose Majestic Prince won the 1969 Kentucky Derby, Jungle Savage is one of nearly 350 horses at Santa Anita currently being treated with Butazolidin (or phenylbutazone, to give it its chemical name), the most controversial drug in horse racing history. Dancer's Image, who won the Kentucky Derby the year before Majestic Prince, was declared ineligible to receive the Derby winner's purse after a Churchill Downs chemist said Butazo-

lidin had been found in the colt's urine—a decision later overruled, although the matter is still in the courts. Butazolidin, which can be administered orally or by injection, is still considered an illegal medication in all but three of the states that have thoroughbred racing if it is detected in a horse on the day it races. (Many states okay Bute for a horse in training, as long as the drug is out of the animal's system by the time it races.) The horse can be disqualified and lose its purse money, and its trainer can be fined or suspended or both. But not in Nebraska, Colorado or, since Dec. 26, California. These states say it is a valid medication that can be used anytime, if certain rules are followed.

According to the California Horse Racing Board, Butazolidin is a "non-hormonal, anti-pyretic, anti-inflammatory agent with analgesic effects." It is not a dope, in the sinister, fixed-race sense. It is neither a stimulant nor a depressant. It is a kind of super-aspirin that is used, in human beings as well as in horses, to ease pain of an arthritis nature. Its anti-inflammatory and analgesic properties, according to trainers and veterinarians, give a horse a chance to run up to its best capabilities.

"If you had seen Jungle Savage a month ago," said Johnny Longden one chill morning last week during a workout at Santa Anita, "you wouldn't believe this is the same horse. He used to be so stiff in the morning when he came out of his stall you'd feel sorry for him. Now that we're allowed to use Butazolidin on him, he's starting to reach the potential we always had hoped he would. I think legalizing Butazolidin is one of the most important steps racing has taken in the last decade."

Longden, of course, is speaking for California, which is conducting a major experiment designed to prove that Butazolidin is a welcome and valuable aid to racing. Yet trainers and racing commissions are not sure what Bute really does. Some trainers suspect, or dream, that it will turn a Swayback Kid into a Dancer's Image, so they feed the drug to the healthiest horse in the barn and hope it will speed him up. Racing commissions generally do not feel that the drug has any such magic properties, but they wonder if it might not have a pronounced and uneven effect on a horse's performance from race to race. What California is doing is keeping a record



Trainer Johnny Longden (center) says Bute has made a new horse of arthritic Jungle Savage.

of all horses receiving Butazolidin. (Despite Longan's candid admission, the list is currently classified information.) An analysis of running form, with and without Bute, will be made, and after a month of the season has gone by the results will be made public. Hopefully, a practical understanding of the effects of Butazolidin on a horse's performance will be achieved.

"We realize full well," says Leonard Foote, chief investigator for the California Horse Racing Board, "that the other states are watching us. We are keeping as close to this as possible and are open and aboveboard about it. Because enough experimental data had never been gathered on Butazolidin, we spent 2½ years finding out about it and testing it. Many people were selling Butazolidin by making wild claims for it, and racing commissions heard about these claims and were disturbed by them. But the American Association of Equine Practitioners [veterinarians] went on record as far back as 1963 in favor of its use, and has never altered its position."

Both Foote and Dr. Alan Edmondson,

a veterinarian representing the California board, claim there have been no great reversals in form—Jungle Savage backers might disagree—and they indicate that some trainers have finally found out that no amount of Bute can make a bad horse good. Even so, the amount of Butazolidin permitted in a horse running at Santa Anita is limited; it must not exceed 50 micrograms per milliliter. A higher amount would not drugify the horse, but the trainer would incur a fine or suspension or both.

Despite California's optimism about its decision to legalize the drug, serious questions remain. Jim Maloney, a trainer who has been very successful the past three seasons, says he will not use Bute in any of the 16 horses he currently has stabled at Santa Anita. "I race in other states as well as California," he says. "When I ship to New York I won't be able to use Butazolidin even if I use it here. I'm not saying I would never use it or that using it is wrong. But to me, it wouldn't be right to use it one place and not another."

What Maloney is saying, in effect, is

that he does not approve of anything that might have a pronounced effect on a horse's racing form from state to state. Others echo his concern. A horse taking Bute, like Jungle Savage, can be shipped from a state that allows the drug (California) to one that does not (New York). If he is shipped and has a bad race at a short price, will the bettors blame Bute, or the lack of it? And will they be justified? How many bets have horseplayers in non-Bute states lost because of too great a reliance on fast workouts that were achieved in training when the horse was being dosed with Bute? What kind of chance is a prospective owner taking when he bids on a yearling whose sire or dam established winning credentials with the help of Bute? Will tracks and racing forms have to indicate when a horse is on or off Bute the way they do now with blinkers or mud caulk?

The questions mount. The California tests may bring some answers. Or may raise more questions. Meanwhile, watch Jungle Savage. He sure feels fit these days.

ENO



After coming from behind to win the Palos Verdes Handicap, Jungle Savage (No. 9) ran another strong race to finish second in the San Carlos.

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SPORT'S \$5 MILLION PAYDAY

It's the biggest in history—the brainchild of show biz promoter Jerry Perenchio, who got Jack Kent Cooke to put up the money. Now they own the Ali-Frazier fight and they may make a mint themselves **by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM**

Just three weeks have gone by since Los Angeles talent agent Jerry Perenchio came along to grab off the richest prizefight in history, which makes it too early to tell for sure whether he will win his brave gamble or lose. For now, you would have to call it even-money, the same as the fight itself. "I'm trying to stage the Normandy invasion" is how Perenchio describes the situation, but as his promotion of the Muhammad Ali-Joe Frazier fight winds toward its March 8 consummation, he admits to just one possible problem: "I really don't know the first thing about boxing."

Few understatements are heard in the fight business, and this is not one of them. Until he signed them last Dec. 30 to fight at Madison Square Garden, Perenchio had never met either Ali or Frazier, and to this day he has yet to see Frazier in the ring. Before his emergence as an instant Tex Rickard, he had seemed content enough as president of Chartwell Artists Ltd., a successful (annual bookings: \$30 million) Beverly Hills talent agency with such clients as Elizabeth Taylor and Jane Fonda. Perenchio's interest in boxing was strictly a fan's. He

went to the Ali-Jerry Quarry fight in Atlanta last October, for instance, and he had hopes of attending the Ali-Frazier showdown wherever it might be held, but that depended, of course, on his getting tickets.

Now, far from merely going to the big fight, Perenchio owns it through a joint venture called The Fight of the Champions that he has formed with Jack Kent Cooke, the irrepressible owner of the Los Angeles Lakers and Kings. The money behind the promotion is largely Cooke's, but the deal is very much Perenchio's. As he works on the match out of Chartwell's offices in Los Angeles and New York, the 40-year-old Perenchio has a slightly hammed air about him these days, but his boyish face becomes particularly anxious when you ask him about the financial projections—"the numbers," he almost mystically calls them—that he carries around in a ubiquitous black briefcase. They are very big numbers, for Perenchio bullishly expects Ali-Frazier to gross up to \$30 million before his fingers get too tired to count farther.

Whatever disadvantages it might oth-

erwise have, Perenchio's inexperience in boxing has certainly kept him from being lured into regarding this as just another fight.

"This one transcends boxing—it's a show business spectacular," he said last week in the kitchen of his hilltop Los Angeles home. It was barely 7 a.m. and his wife Jake was still asleep, but Perenchio, in pajamas and bathrobe, already had his briefcase open and the numbers spread out on the breakfast table. "You've got to throw away the book on this fight. It's potentially the greatest single grosser in the history of the world. It's like *Gone With the Wind*. And that's why I'm involved. I don't think it takes any special talent to put a couple of guys in the ring. The trick is to merchandise them properly."

Perenchio's idea of merchandising is the same as the whaler's: don't waste any part of the carcass. He plans to work every possible angle, from peddling a line of fight-night souvenirs and memorabilia ("This is a historic event, remember") to producing a feature-length documentary on the bout and its behind-the-scenes drama ("We hope to break

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some hearts") for distribution to movie theaters within 60 days after the event. The exploitation extends even to the two fighters' gloves, trunks and shoes, which become his property after the fight. "If a movie studio can auction off Judy Garland's shoes, these things ought to be worth something, too," he says.

Considering his enthusiasm, it is not surprising that Perenchio should occasionally be guilty of overreaching. In scaling the house at Madison Square Garden, for instance, he pushed for \$250 ringside with a \$500-a-seat "Golden Circle," but the Garden prevailed on him to back off. "We didn't want to be accused of gouging the public," explained a Garden official, the resulting \$150 ringside price apparently being below the gouge level. Another Perenchio scheme is to sell commercials during the closed-circuit TV coverage for a total of \$4 million or so. Apart from obvious problems that would result from an early-round finish, and assuming that a \$4 million figure is otherwise realistic, potential sponsors are sure to have some questions about hitting a noisy captive audience that has already paid up to \$30 a seat (the closed-circuit TV top scale envisioned by Perenchio) with commercials.

But then, the finances of this fight have an almost surrealistic quality and anything is possible. At stake, first of all, is the record \$5 million payoff—a flat \$2.5 million each—that Cooke and

Perenchio have guaranteed the fighters. To cover that guarantee, Cooke put up \$4.5 million, with the remaining \$500,000 coming from Madison Square Garden. Delighted to put on the fight after making an unsuccessful bid of its own against Perenchio's, the Garden, in fact, agreed to pay Fight of Champions a little more than that: \$700,000 or 70% of the live gate, whichever is larger. Its own gross would be 30%, plus a cut of the closed-circuit TV proceeds from New York and Illinois.

For the Garden, which has had its financial difficulties of late, it adds up to a tidy windfall. A sellout crowd of 20,000 will yield about \$1.25 million, and if there is one certainty it is that the Garden will be sold out.

The stakes Perenchio and Cooke are playing for go far beyond the live gate. To cover Cooke's \$4.5 million investment, plus \$1 million or more that Fight of Champions is likely to incur in promotion expenses, the fight would have to gross something like \$9 million from all sources. Although documentary films, historic mementos and the rest are nice, the only proven way to make a heavyweight title fight pay these days is with closed-circuit TV. Allowing receipts of \$1 million-plus from the live gate and another \$1 million or so from foreign rights, this means the match would have to gross roughly \$7 million from domestic closed-circuit TV for Fight of Champions to break even. The biggest closed-circuit take to date is \$3.2 mil-

Responding to a request from Sports Illustrated, Cooke briefly drew up and signed these two checks. On the day after the fight Ali and Frazier will receive \$2.5 million apiece.

lion for the first Patterson-Liston fight in Chicago in 1962.

For all Perenchio's talk about a \$30 million gross, there are qualified kibitzers who question whether the fight will bring in the necessary \$9 million. "Perenchio has a shot at breaking even or maybe making a little," says Fred Hofheinz, who co-promoted the closed-circuit portion of last December's Ali-Bonavenna set-to. "But he also is taking a chance on losing plenty." Hofheinz, whose father is the man with the Astrodome, aided a syndicate that tried to land Ali-Frazier for Houston, and it is noteworthy that his group, like Madison Square Garden, was not prepared to bid anywhere near as high as Perenchio. Says Hofheinz pointedly, "Contrary to what some people say, boxing isn't show business."

Hofheinz is simply at odds with Perenchio's numbers. Where the record Patterson-Liston promotion drew 563,000 closed-circuit customers in 253 locations, Perenchio is thinking in terms of 2.5 million in 500 locations. Where the average ticket for Patterson-Liston came to less than \$6, Perenchio is projecting at least a \$10 average. There is something else, too. In their yearning for the potential riches of Ali-Frazier,

continued

local boxing promoters blithely assumed that the fight would go for the usual 50-50 split with the distributor. But Perenchio, driving what he frankly calls "a ruthlessly hard bargain," is insisting on a 65-35 split, and you can guess who gets 65. Moreover, he is also demanding substantial cash guarantees.

For those who balk, Perenchio has made clear his willingness to bypass the fight crowd and deal with his far-flung friends in the theatrical business. "I'm not discriminating against boxing people," he says. "It's just that nobody's automatically getting the fight. It's competitive and open to all. That's what makes America great."

The upshot is that oldtime fight promoters like Philadelphia's Herm Taylor and Boston's Sam Silverman stand in real danger of being left out of boxing's biggest night. Significantly, when Perenchio announced his first closed-circuit deal last week, it was with Concerts West, a promotional firm owned by Danny Kaye, the Doug Isaacs Company of Vancouver, B.C. and Sterling Recreational Organization of Seattle; the three groups bought the closed-circuit rights for Texas, Oklahoma, Colorado, Arizona, northern California and the Pacific Northwest. According to Fight of Champions' announcement, the deal was made strictly on Perenchio's terms, and with a \$1 million guarantee.

If it all goes the way Perenchio plans, Ali-Frazier will be only the latest, if certainly the biggest, in a line of business coups that started when he took to booking bands for fraternity parties as a UCLA freshman in 1949. It was a sideline that had mushroomed by his graduation into a \$400,000-a-year party catering service stretching from San Diego State to Berkeley. Later, after serving in the Air Force as a jet pilot, he lured on with MCA, then the world's biggest talent agency, and in the space of 18 months became one of the youngest vice-presidents—he was 30—in the company's history.

When MCA was broken up by Government trustbusters in 1962, Perenchio went out on his own and within two years founded Perenchio Artists with \$105,000 of borrowed money. Chartwell was created by a merger of Perenchio Artists with another agency in 1968, and Perenchio's 60% share today is worth close to \$2 million. One of his specialties is booking pop concerts, which is

what really emboldened him to undertake the Ali-Frazier promotion. "I know how to book Andy Williams into Salt Lake City," he says, referring to one of his longtime clients. "Well, this fight is like booking Andy Williams into 500 Salt Lake Cities all at once."

It was a friend from the pop-concert circuit, Chicago Promoter Franklin Fried, who plugged Perenchio into the fight business. In early December, Fried had met with Herbert Muhammad, Ali's closest adviser, who was looking for somebody to back the match. Until then, essentially the same bid was on the table from both Madison Square Garden and Fred Hofheinz' Houston group, a \$1.25 million guarantee against 35% of the total box-office gross for each fighter. Although they ruled out neither offer, Frazier and Ali were still shopping, and what they had in mind was a flat guarantee of \$3 million each.

When Herbert Muhammad spelled out this demand, Fried told him he would try to find a taker. On Dec. 15 Perenchio was in London on business when the phone rang in his Dorchester Hotel suite. It was Fried. "I knew right away

I wanted it," Perenchio says. "This was the sort of thing I'd been training 20 years for. I told Fried I'd put a pencil to it." A few hours later Perenchio called Fried back with an offer of \$2.5 million to each fighter.

Perenchio then set out to raise the \$5 million. Running up \$16,000 in phone calls in London, he went through a list of 70 possible backers, including Aristotle Onassis (whom he never reached directly) and Jim Aubrey (who advised him that \$5 million was too much to spend). When he returned to Los Angeles on Dec. 20, his 40th birthday, he placed a call to No. 71. This was Jack Kent Cooke, who, it turned out, had been preparing an offer of his own for the fight, which he hoped to hold in the Forum, his sports arena in Inglewood.

They had never met, but the two men proved to be "compatible spirits," as Cooke later put it. Over lunch at the Forum they talked about joining forces, assuming, of course, that Perenchio could definitely land the fight. There was reason to wonder. During lunch Cooke took phone calls from three or four parties claiming, to Perenchio's embarrass-

The "compatible spirits." Cooke (left) and Perenchio, meet in Cooke's Bel Air home.



ment, exclusive rights to the bout. Afraid that somebody else would snatch the prize—one brief suitor was ex-New York Jets owner Sonny Werblin, in partnership with NBC and Johnny Carson—Perenchio flew East to try to negotiate a firm deal.

In New York he ran into many obstacles, the main one being that he was still unable to tell negotiators for the fighters where the \$5 million was coming from. At one point he offered earnest money of \$250,000, but that only seemed to convince everyone that he did not have the rest. The break in the impasse finally came at a meeting in Philadelphia on Dec. 23. There had been sentiment at one point within the Ali fold in favor of the Astrodome, but now Chauncey Eskridge, Ali's lawyer, as well as Yank Durham, Frazier's manager, urged Perenchio to approach Madison Square Garden in an effort to get the deal closed once and for all. If the Garden would, in effect, put its prestige behind Perenchio, the fighters would trust him for the money. The next day Perenchio called on Alvin Cooperman, the Garden's executive vice-president and a

former booking agent for the Shuberts. Cooperman evidently spoke the same language as his visitor. By that night, Christmas Eve, Perenchio and the Garden were partners.

The only hitch was that Perenchio still did not have the money. On Christmas Day he placed a call to Cooke's 7,000-acre cattle ranch in the California Sierras to report that the fight would be held in the Garden rather than the Forum. To Perenchio's surprise, Cooke did not back off. "I'm disappointed it won't be in the Forum, Jerry," he said. "But I want the fight anyway. I think we're going to have a lot of fun."

Cooke did at least salvage something, and it could be a big something—the contract calls for any return match to be held at the Forum for a guarantee of \$750,000 against 25% of the profits for each fighter. Otherwise, there was one last crisis before the much-delayed signing finally occurred Dec. 30. Somebody at the Garden, which, as the licensed promoter, is required to pay the purses within 24 hours after the fight, thought to ask where Cooke's \$4.5 million might be.

An urgent call went out to California. "I'm insulted," Cooke replied when asked to put the money up in advance. "Don't you think I'm good for it?" Then he said he wanted some time to reach a decision. The next morning, scarcely an hour before the signing, there was a letter of credit for \$4.5 million at New York's Chase Manhattan Bank. Cooke chuckled about that later. "I just wanted them to squirm a little," he said.

Now, having rushed in where other financial angels feared to tread, Cooke and Perenchio must prove they are no fools. One relatively favorable development was last week's Supreme Court decision to hear the appeal of Muhammad Ali's draft-evasion conviction, which all but eliminated the possibility that he might be jailed before March 8. Another was Perenchio's hiring of Management Television Systems Inc., a New York firm that handled closed-circuit TV for last year's World Cup, to cope with feared shortages of the necessary projection equipment and telephone lines. Promising that "if Perenchio can sell 750 closed-circuit locations, we can service them," the firm's president, Bill Henry, former chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, said that a survey of the available equipment and recent meetings with phone company of-

ficials convinced him most logistical and supply problems can be overcome.

If there remained some questioning about how many closed-circuit sites Perenchio could sell, it was because his proposed 65-35 deal had run into widespread resistance. A few promoters, like Detroit's Lnu Handler, had some bargaining power of their own. Handler had shrewdly rented 12,000-seat Cobo Hall for March 8, and he allowed that he could conceivably keep the facility dark—even at a rental loss of \$5,000—if Perenchio did not back down on his demands. As similar cases arose, the only U.S. closed-circuit deal fight of Champions could definitely point to as of last weekend was the Concerts West package, although Cooke insisted that he and Perenchio had nearly \$5 million in "commitments."

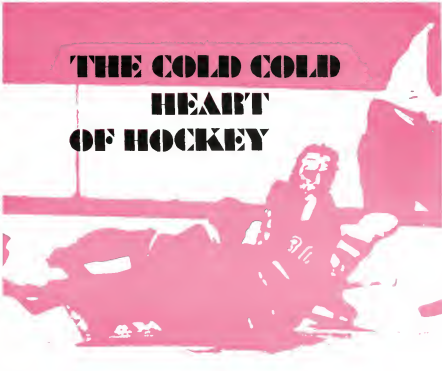
But some principals, including Bruce Wright, the lawyer for Cloverly Inc., Joe Frazier's syndicate, were concerned. In view of his fighter's flat guarantee, Wright theoretically had nothing to worry about, but he said, "You never know what can happen. There's just not enough time to be fooling around like this. Things should have started jelling with these closed-circuit sites." Offering his own assurances that all was going well, Perenchio drove off one afternoon in his powder-blue Mercedes, his black briefcase at his side, for a strategy meeting at Cooke's Bel Air home. Seated in the study, Cooke proceeded to grill the younger man in the manner of an amiable Perry Mason. "How many arenas are there over 10,000?" Cooke asked. "Do you know where they are?" "Do you have a list of them?" At one point, while informing Cooke about TV negotiations, Perenchio said, "Now, Jack, I'll try to be succinct."

"Just go ahead and be brief," deadpanned Cooke.

It was obvious that the two partners were having fun, just as Cooke had said they would. If the fight should bring in anywhere near the \$30 million Perenchio was talking about, they stood to make a staggering profit for a one-night stand—as much as, say, \$12 million. In a more subdued mood, though, Perenchio was ready to set his sights somewhat lower. "I'd be satisfied if Jack and I came out of this making as much as the fighters," he said. He paused, then said as an afterthought, "That's \$2.5 million each." It was almost as if he had to grope for the number. **END**

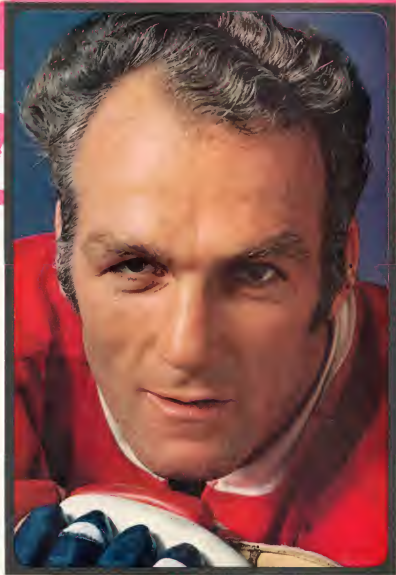


THE COLD COLD HEART OF HOCKEY



Ice hockey can be a harsh and demanding mistress. It often treats its men badly, rewards them less than most big-time sports, exacts from them an enormous nightly expenditure of effort and, in the end, leaves them as a keepsake hides hemstitched with a sampler of brutal encounter. Yet, like the femmes fatales of romantic fiction, it weaves a spell that few can escape. Old hockey players may die like everyone else, but they resolutely refuse to fade away. On the following pages are 10 who are in or past their 15th year of pro hockey. None is a superstar. None is rich. None plans to quit.

Once mean and tough, the Montreal Canadiens' Henri Richard, a 15-year veteran at 34, says: "At my age, I don't fight much anymore. I try to talk people out of it."





After 16 years, cheerful New York Ranger Ron Stewart, 38, still waits for the day when his picture will hang in every Canadian rink "as big as Queen Elizabeth's."

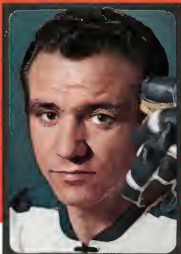


Not once on a Stanley Cup team after 16 years of trying, Dean Prentice, 36, now with the Pittsburgh Penguins, still says: "Well, you always hope you can win a cup."



Bobby Baun, 34, estimates that 15 years of hockey have left him with 500 stitches on his neck and head alone. He once played with a broken leg in a Stanley Cup game.



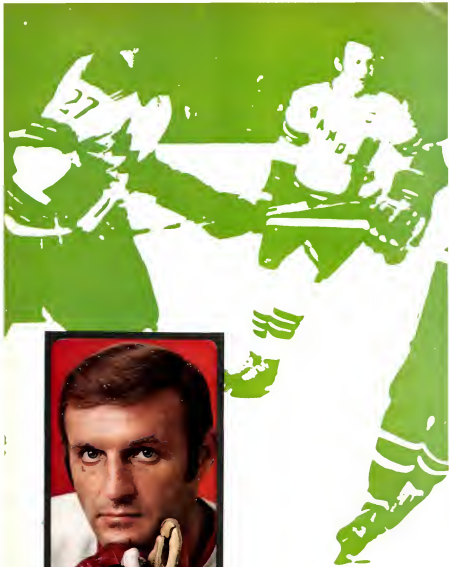


Norm Ulman, 35, who plays for a loser, admits that, after 15 years, "It's tough preparing for games. Sometimes you say, 'What's the use?' But you don't give up."





At 37, Doug Mahns, a 17-year veteran who "feels like a rookie," is the only olderster to hide his years under a toupee. "If you loss teeth, you get new ones. Right?"





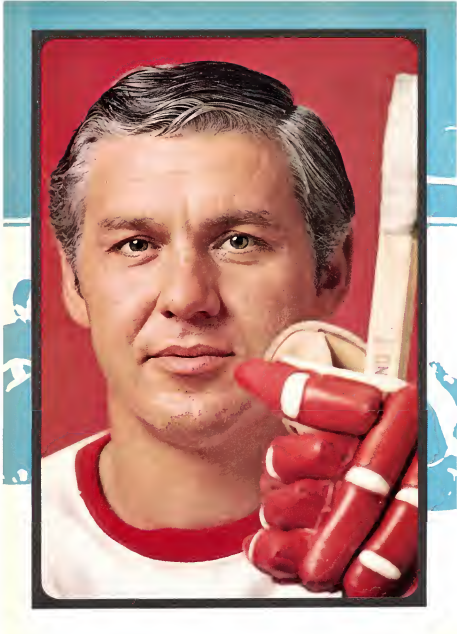
Young Bruins call 35-year-old Johnny Bucyk "Gramps" now. "I don't mind," says this Bostonian of 14 years. "When I joined this club I was one of the youngest."



Each year for three years, George Armstrong, 40, has tried to quit hockey. Each year he has come back. "I was bored and couldn't find anything to do to kill time."



Harry Howell, 38, played for 18 years in New York when the Rangers were losing. Now the Rangers are winning, he's in Oakland. "It's not much different," he says.



HEART OF HOCKEY continued



For most of his 29 years, Detmer-Alex Delvecchio, 39, played brilliantly in the shadow of Gordie Howe. At the start of his 25th season, he found a rookie coach was telling him when he could smoke his postgame cigar.



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Deen (The Dream) Meminger has the Cheshire smile, his coach Al McGuire manages the "checker board" and there's a mad tea-party air in the corners at Marquette
by **CURRY KIRKPATRICK**



CRAZY CAT AND HIS CURIOUS WARRIORS

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

Here they come now, roaring and bounding into the Milwaukee Arena to start another cartoon show in the midst of that 2,000-game home winning streak—the Marquette Warriors, college basketball's answer to Wonderland.

At the fore is the Cheshire Cat himself, Dean Meminger, sly and crafty and grinning, always grinning. Meminger's toothy grin comes from beneath a pencil mustache and is a natural expression, he insists, since it "never leaves my face." Never? Well, hardly ever. After he puts his dipping, rolling, bippety-bopping moves to use inside, after he has, in his own playground words, "done it" to somebody, it is as if Meminger himself has disappeared and only the smiling

mustache remains. Opponents are left openmouthed and puzzled, quite like Alice who, when the Cheshire Cat put his move on her, uttered in astonishment, "Well, I've often seen a cat without a grin, but a grin without a cat! It's the most curious thing I ever saw in my life." A grin without a Meminger? Right. Do it, Dean.

What has turned out still more curiously, as all the Jesuits, Big Tens and other Alices unfortunate enough to have contested the Warriors have discovered, is that Dean (The Dream) Meminger is not the only astonishing person in Al McGuire's latest collection of disciplined executors.

At center this time there is really a center—6' 11" Jim Chones—rather than those half-size Warrior pivemen of the past who had orders never to shoot. At guard, there is a son, Allie, direct descendant of Al, the coach. And in the co-

ners there is a mad tea-party atmosphere surrounding all.

On one side is 6' 6" Bob Loeckey: goat-teed, side-whiskered, his muscles rippling, his glare terrifying. Lock up the women and children. ("My father would have hired him as a bouncer on sight," says the senior McGuire.) And on the other is 6' 6" Gary (Goose) Brill, whose flowing blond locks, uninhibited twitching and frenzied deportment on court loosen up his teammates, stun the crowd and once caused Red Auerbach, scouting Marquette in New York, to cry out, "Oh no; they got this one out of a cage; throw him a banana."

It is the kind of team a circus barker would love—step right up, step right up—a team with zest, flair and an overwhelming hunger for defense. It deserves all the promoting its self-confessed "part clown, part wild man" of a coach gives it when he says, "All I hear is 'This team's tough, that team's tough.' It doesn't matter, pal. The important thing is that we're tough. Listen, pal. We are tough, and the others are hearing our sneakers."

One of the things Marquette's sneakers have done recently is run off the nation's longest winning streak—25 games over the past two years. At home, where beer is not served during college games, it has been easy for McGuire to avoid the misfortune suffered by the gentleman in Jerry Lee Lewis' song, *What's Made Milwaukee Famous (has made a loser out of me)*. With nary a kiss of the hops, Marquette has won 51 straight games in the Milwaukee Arena. Though home-court records always should be hand-cuffed and fingerprinted for justice's sake, the Warriors' most recent efforts there are worthy of note. Last week they continued both of their winning streaks with impressive decisions over Notre Dame, 71-66, and New Mexico State, 65-53, while holding firm as the only undefeated team (13-0) between America's coastlines.

The future capabilities of their heroes have Marquette's downtown campus joints in an uproar, but McGuire himself knows his team is young still and not yet where he wants it. "I can't think about March," he says. "Houston [the

site of the NCAA championship playoffs] is for dreamers, and dreamers usually are asleep."

On the way to constructing his current group, which is, despite its youth and official disclaimers, Marquette's best team ever, Al McGuire has paid his dues. He came out of the 108th St. playground in Rockaway, N.Y., in the footsteps of his brothers, Dick and John, the former an NBA guard of supreme passing skill and now the head scout of the New York Knickerbockers, the latter a *how violent* and hector of vast reputation who is now part owner of a singles' bar in Queens. Al was the composite brother in the family, a hustler whose basketball talents were always overshadowed by his ability to blend equal bits of brawling and mania into a comfortable mix. He played at St. John's under Frank McGuire (no relation) and later made the NBA where, he says, "I was the worst player ever to last three years in the big time." He played with broken jaws, broken noses and once was charged with eight fouls in a single game—the six that eliminated him plus two technicals for attempting to dislodge the referee's head from his shoulders. Even now Frank McGuire, who has coached and seen handfuls of wild ones, shakes his head with the memory of Al. "He was my alltime," says Frank.

After his escapades in the pros had come to an end, the youngest McGuire went into coaching. His first head coaching job was at little Belmont Abbey College (N.C.) in 1957. Belmont fans would have enjoyed McGuire's teams, had the teams stayed around to be seen. One year, Al had them play 22 of their 25 games on the road. Considering the circumstances (his last two Belmont Abbey teams won a total of 11 games) and his reputation, it was a shock when McGuire was offered a chance to rescue the floundering basketball fortunes of Marquette in 1964. As he says today, "I am not the average coach. I say things I shouldn't. I go berserk. If I were a university, I'd never hire me."

But McGuire had finally crashed back into the big time. Though his first team won only eight games, it featured a strat-

continued

WINGER CONTROLS THE GAME WITH LOTTIE SMITH (LEFT) AND GARY BRILL (31)



agem called "scrambled eggs," a substitute five of tallenders who were used as a wildly energetic attack group. Scrambled eggs brought out the crowds, and they have kept coming to the point where Marquette is averaging 150,000 home attendance a year.

McGuire's last four teams have won 94 games, gone to the NCAA Midwest regional tournament twice and the finals of the NIT twice. Last year, claiming the NCAA had "slapped me in the face" by moving Marquette to the Midwest region, McGuire snubbed the big tournament, went to the NIT and won it, humbating LSU and Pete Maravich in the process.

With an attitude toward challenge that originated in the streets, McGuire has, along the way, made so many waves that he seemed to be going one-on-one with Lake Michigan. Aside from his hassles with the NCAA, he has taken on Adolph Rupp on several occasions and once had it out with his own school when he wanted to break his contract with three years remaining to coach the Milwaukee Bucks. The school wouldn't let him go and, McGuire said last week, "I was bitter for two days, but it passes. It was probably for the better. Actually, I hope I'm not coaching 10 years from now. Too many people in this business take themselves seriously. Sports is a coffee break. That's why I'm in so many other things. I've got to stay busy."

Now, in addition to his coaching, McGuire is a member of the board of directors of a recreation and machinery conglomerate, is part owner of two restaurants, has real-estate holdings in several states, is involved in a small television-network deal and conducts sports camps for grade school and high school youths. His salary at Marquette is among the highest in the profession.

McGuire's coaching does not seem to have suffered from the diversions, in part because basketball is an emotional thing with him rather than purely physical and time-consuming. His success has been built not so much on his defensive teachings, though they are far-sighted and well-publicized, but on his relationships with his players, his use of psychology, passion, loyalty and—especially—a realistic treatment of the black-



AL MCGUIRE, OFTEN PART CLOWN, IS SERIOUS WHEN HE CALLS HIS TEAM TOUGH

white factor, or what he likes to call "the checkerboard problem."

The first player McGuire recruited for Marquette was 6' 3" Pat Smith out of Harlem, a center who could not see and could not shoot but who used what talents he did have to acquire a distinguished nickname. The Evil Doctor Blackheart. "McGuire understands our background and environment, and he forces us to remember," says The Evil Doctor. "He keeps reminding us we have nothing to go back to and he's right. Men from the ghetto shape up here." Meminger says, "Al tells Lackey, 'Hey, you haven't passed to a white man in four days.' He tells Brell, 'Goose, don't you see any brothers open?' I mean, he comes out and lays it on the line. We try not to get into cliques. If we do, there's trouble."

"Why not be frank?" says McGuire. "We talk about differences, and we don't

stop when practice ends. I don't want my guys going back to 1870 as soon as 5 o'clock comes."

For all his reputation as a Harlem re-creator, McGuire may have his finest hour this season with a team dominated by three starters from the Milwaukee Catholic Conference—Alfie, Brell and Chones. Though the 6' 1" Meminger is a good leader—his size has kept him from the publicity that taller but lesser players have enjoyed—it is Big Man Chones who is the catalyst for Marquette and the reason for the belief in some circles that the Warriors can win it all.

A worldly 19-year-old, Chones is probably the Warriors' best shooter. His game is so stylish and fluid that he seldom seems to be overpowering anybody, and until this season he didn't. Chones gained 25 pounds during the summer and, at 225, is just learning how to use his mus-

cle underneath. In the game that has been the key to the Warriors' season so far—an early contest at Minnesota—Chones came alive in the second half, scored 18 points and had 10 rebounds as Marquette won 70-61. “I dug Earl Monroe. I always patterned myself after guards,” Chones says. “But I’m learning to do more inside. I’ve got the hook now, and on defense nobody gets layups—that’s something personal. I’m not nervous anymore. I just want to get into the NCAA tournament where it’s life or death and go up against Sidney [Wicks of UCLA]. That’s what I’d really like.”

Similar thoughts are echoed regularly downtown at The Gym, a campus beer haven owned by a former Marquette enforcer, Brian Brankhorst, and tended over by Fat Jack Rusnov, roommate of The Evil Doctor Blackheart. Rusnov, whose memory of basketball lore, surnames and fanatical incidents is exceeded only by his knowledge of classical rock ‘n’ roll hits, is of the opinion that Marquette is a shoe-in for the national championship. “We beat Western Kentucky, Tennessee, and nup Indiana in overtime to get to Houston,” says Fat Jack. “Kentucky? Coaching will hurt them. Then we beat a surprising Villanova team from the East under a fine coach, Jack Kraft, and against UCLA in the finals The Dream controls the game while Big Man stops Wicks. We win 67-64. It’s a push.”

The development of Chones, coupled with the play of seniors Meminger and Brell, has in no way lessened the contributions of the young McGuire and Lackey, a fearsome rebounder. The baby-faced Allie starts not because he is the fifth best player but because he can pass, play defense and fit the system better than a couple of other more talented individualists on the bench. “I’m not a star, like The Pistol,” he says. “So it’s harder on me with my father coaching. I’m a worrier and I haven’t shot well, and maybe I shouldn’t be in there. But the other four have helped, and I appreciate it.”

Another starter, who has had difficulty getting along with Allie, is nevertheless cognizant of his value. “The kid needs to grow up,” he says, “but he can play and he hasn’t choked. If anything, he might be making our team.”



ALLIE MCGUIRE, SOPHOMORE SON OF AL, CIRCLES NOTRE DAME'S TOM SINNOTT

Lackey, who is biding his time waiting for stardom next season, is an imposing figure and somewhat of an enigma to the Warriors. In Marquette practices, which always have been woolly affairs with no punches pulled, he has yet to be tested fully, merely because nobody wants to be the first to find out about him. Says Chones, “The first time I saw The Dude, he comes up to the room with those burns, that stare and those muscles coming out of his T shirt, and he has his boys from Evanston breaking his path. He just glides in, sticks out his hand and says, ‘Hey man, I’m Lackey.’ I said, ‘Oh my God!’” Meminger took one look at the junior-college transfer from Casper (Wyo.) and fairly squeaked, “They got me a boss.”

Lackey frequently refers to himself by his own last name. When a player took a soft poke at him in a recent practice, for instance, he responded, “Don’t do

that again to Lackey.” The other day, deciding he did not have the time to meet with a photographer, he threw back his head, bobbed it a few times and said, “Tell the cat that he’ll have to wait on Lackey.”

One person unfazed by the presence of Lackey is Brell, who has carved out his own saga and whose sometimes bizarre behavior is responsible for McGuire saying, “I’m the only coach in America with white problems.” After the Warriors’ victory in the NIT final, Brell could be seen hanging from the rim hacking at the net with a switchblade. Through the first four games of this season his hair grew to the unruly lengths generally associated with General Custer, and critical letters poured into the Marquette athletic offices. So McGuire had him trim it. Last week, after he had held Austin Carr to four points in the first half of

continued

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CRAZY CAT continued

Marquette's victory over Notre Dame, Brell credited his performance to "I Ching," a far Eastern philosophy from which he garnered a "hexagram message" that he would be The Great Resister against the Irish.

Before the game, Johnny Dee handed the German-born Brell a packet of mustard in a gesture calculated to counteract McGuire's "hot dog" move of having his players shake hands with the opposing coach at the introductions. Brell threw away the packet, claiming, "It was German mustard; he insulted my nationality."

Part of the time Brell lives in a nine-bedroom coed house with nine other people, and he claims to want to someday reside in "a commune out West."

"This is the same nut who complains about the quality of motel towels on the road," says McGuire.

Pitched nerves in his upper neck are responsible for a twitch that overcomes Brell before every game, making him appear to be dancing a jig to the national anthem. He has received letters on the subject, one noting that "young men in Latvia would be proud to stand up for the anthem."

"I'm not dancing," Brell says, "but I'm against the war, and I refuse to look at the American flag until we are out of Southeast Asia. People can call me a flake, a hippie or whatever. They are stabbing me in the back. Even Coach McGuire doesn't understand this is me. But he's all right. He's got the best tongue I've ever heard."

With all the talk about the Warriors' frankness, it still comes as a surprise when McGuire puts the harsh words on one of his men. "You look terrible, Goose," he told Brell last week. "I don't mind you in Hipsville. I just don't want to see you in Tap City."

"Coach," pleaded Brell, "You're always getting on me for the people I hang out with, calling them 'undesirables.' They want you to come over to meet them. They're peaceful. You'll dig."

"Goose, you think you're telling me something?" said McGuire. "I was the original flower child. I didn't call them undesirables, anyway. I called them jerks. Like that Mafia-type jerk who picked you up the other day. Him. Who was that jerk?"

"That," said Goose Brell, "was my brother."

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What did the first astronaut say to the football coaches?

Apollo 11's **Edwin Aldrin**, addressing the American Football Coaches Association banquet in Houston, allowed as how "I've often thought of what it would be like to play football on the moon. They might have to lengthen the field. At first glance, it would save a lot of wear and tear on the quarterback. He can let the ball go and not worry about it for a while." Good point. "But on the other hand," Aldrin continued, "the ball might take so long to come down that every man on the other team might be under it."

And what did the second astronaut say to the coaches?

Michael Collins, same spaceship, same banquet, allowed us how it has been estimated that the average man speaks 25,000 words a day and the average woman, 30,000. "Thank goodness no women are football coaches," he said. Then he added: "Unfortunately, when I come home each day I've spoken my 25,000—and my wife hasn't started her 30,000."

Look out, Collins. Here comes the ball down. On your head.

Environmental Vote of the Week goes to **Governor John Loe** of Colorado. Did he shut down a noxious factory? Stop some manufacturers from mucking up a river? Well, no. But he did obtain an air pollution variance before allowing a 19-gun salute to be fired at his inauguration. It's a start.

Well, it's back to the old job as insolvent bell captain at Murn's Fontainebleau for **Levi Forte**. Who's Levi Forte, in case the name doesn't clang a bell, is the 30-year-old victim they put in there against **Floyd Patterson**, who won by a TKO in the second. As insolvent bell captain, one of Levi's main duties is tak-

ing care of special requests from the guests. Like—sob—getting them fight tickets.

Short sports notes from Across the Sea:

Don't worry about **Christopher Hudson** of Sarum, England. No sir, 15-year-old Chris will have a new entry for the big worm race at Brighton this week. But it is a shame about his **Whippy Willie**, who was to worms what Whirlaway was to horses. A couple of weeks ago Willie won a warmup race in a stunning 2:15.0 over a two-foot course, and last week he set a world record in 1:45, 1/16. But then this awful thing happened to Willie on a training run. He accidentally fell off the table to the floor. Christopher stepped up to look for him and

Another great race involved **Ian Trains**, who bravely sprinted after some robbers in London, knowing that the gang was

This is not really a **Proter**, as promised in the headline at the top of this page. This is **Key Knight**, a trouser, and **Key Knight** is trying out this swell new polynurethane foam nose cone to keep him warm while trotting in, say, 20 or less. Go ahead, snicker if you must, but just remember that **Key Knight** might win by a nose.



armed with an iron bar and a sawed-off shotgun. According to the newspaper account, he almost caught the rascals, too, but they got away. Would have been a dandy fight. Trains was armed with a beer bottle.

On the miffy gifts side, farmer **Adam Lythgoe** got a set of golf clubs for Christmas. Jolly good. In fact Lythgoe got so excited that he went right out and bought his own golf club, at Rhes-on-Sea, Derbyshire.

Columnist **Russell Baker**, writing under the headline *Asteriosclerosis of the Heros*, views with suspicion the latest list of the country's 10 most admired men, who turn out to be **Richard Nixon**, **Billy Graham**, **Teddy Kennedy**, **Spero Agnew**, **Pope Paul**, **Ed Muskie**, **Lyndon Johnson**, **Ronald Reagan**, **Hubert Humphrey** and **Harry Truman**. Stuffy, says Baker, and depressing. "Can it truly be that a people who once boasted that they admired **John L. Sullivan**, **Homer Wagner**, **Jack Dempsey**, **Red Grange**, **Walter Johnson** and **Babe Ruth** more than Presidents **McKinley**, **Taft**, **Wilson**, **Harding**, **Coolidge** and **Hoover** have grown so solemn that they admire Agnew more than **Muhammad Ali**, **Joe Namath**, **Brooks Robinson** or **Lawrence Sanders**? That's what the poll said. Where are the sports figures of today? Say it ain't so, Spero.

Scene: The Windham Mountain Club in upstate New York, a semiprivate ski area. Little **Trace Hardard**, 3, whose family is with the Horn & Hardard anatomical chain, afloat. Along comes this part-time skier who spots Trace wandering out in the cold, scoops her up, returns her to the lodge and saves the day. Hooray for the skier. Nice job of detective work. He gets back into his limousine and heads off to New York City where, as



Mayor John V. Lindsay, he finds his whole police force is on strike.

• Why look? It's **Sugar Ray Robinson** getting a preened-cut applied over his eye for an appearance on TV's *Mud Squad*. Nasty-looking cut. And the makeup expert ain't exactly **Charles of the Ritz**. It's **Rocky Graziano**. But, why not? Rocky probably figured it was his last chance to out **Sugar Ray**.

The week's sporting free plug goes to Tokyo's **Michio Kurokawa**, 23, a waiter who is trying to make it as a singer. Michio wants publicity for his new ditty, *Love on Mya Plateau*. So he puts an ad in the paper, right? Wrong. He athletically clambers out a sixth-floor window and hangs from a metal screen outside a Guinza department store. Nice stunt, but the cops haul him in. And *Love on Mya Plateau* still hasn't made the Top 30. Well, keep plugging, Michio. Hang it all out, baby.

After 220 years of existence **England's** prestigious Jockey Club has finally done it: the board recently elected **Sir Gordon Richards** to membership. Nice touch, since **Sir Gordon**, 26 times a champion and retired from training at 66, is the first real jockey ever to get into the club.

Give Lefty a V, a V and . . .

Two Saturdays ago Lefty Driesell presented the University of Maryland with its greatest basketball victory since, well, he last great one. That came in September when Tom McMillen registered at College Park. Now Driesell paced excitedly in the locker room, wearing the game net around his shoulders and chewing on an unlit cigar. His team had upset South Carolina in overtime 31-30 and, Driesell told reporters, "We won with the good Lord's help." Then he saw Howard White, a sophomore guard, remove a tiny carved black cat from his locker, and Lefty covered all bases, as usual. "Keep rubbing the cat, Howard," he said. "We play Clemson Monday." Howard White must have rubbed well, for Maryland's Terrapins beat Clemson 56-52 and were off to their best start (9-3) in 13 years.

Driesell credits Maryland's success neither to miniature cats—he gave them to every team member before the season—nor to God. He does not even say the orange laces he has the Terrapins string into their sneakers before key encounters or the pregame meal of vegetable soup and cheese sandwiches that he superstitiously crams down their gagging throats are responsible. "Selling," says Driesell. "It's selling. That's all there is to coaching."

McMillen, the most sought-after high school prospect since Lew Alcindor, understands. He saw a great deal of Driesell last year. "He knows the way to succeed in coaching," McMillen says. "Whether or not it's right or wrong, ethical or unethical, a coach must always sell his program and himself. Coach Driesell has mastered the art of salesmanship."

Lefty Driesell began his pitch the moment he accepted the job at Maryland in March 1969. "I think I can build Maryland into the UCLA of the East Coast," he said at his press conference. "I don't know the governor of Maryland, but he ought to get involved in recruiting, too. I am going to win the national championship here."

Later in the spring a full-page, \$600 ad appeared in the *Washington Post* aimed at the eyes of four high school stars. The immediate result of this Driesell hard sell, however, was an NCAA reprimand.

In the fall of that year Driesell set out to convince the students at Maryland that an evening of basketball at Cole Field House actually could be fun. He placed rows of folding chairs around the basketball floor in order to increase crowd noise and audience participation. And then he tried to find a gimmick like the famous stomp that had helped him win three Southern Conference championships at Davidson. To get the idea across he stomped himself. When he would become enraged at an official or wanted to fire up the crowd he would leap from the bench, throw down his jacket and jump on it. Mercifully, a new NCAA ruling restricts coaches to the bench, thus rendering the stomp extinct.

"When the fans think you're going to get beat you have to come up with something," he explained last week. His something hit him suddenly as he walked out for a South Carolina game at Cole Field House last season. It was almost like an involuntary spasm. He threw his left arm into the air, and his fingers made a V sign—for victory, Driesell insists, not peace. At each subsequent home game he gave the crowd one, two or three victory signals, depending upon the quality of the opposition. Now the crowd watches silently for the gesture, and when it comes Cole Field House erupts.

Because of his exuberant spirits and tough recruiting, Driesell has not always been the favorite of men whose teams he plays. But think nothing of it, Driesell doesn't. He is a campus folk hero and riding high. The pep band plays *Hail to the Chief* when he arrives on court before a game, he and his three assistants sit in golden director's chairs with their first names on the backs, and the students are contributing to an athletic scholarship fund by snapping up a

whole line of Lefty products. There are T-shirts and sweat shirts bearing his name and, most popular of all, the Lefty tie. It displays a cartoon of Driesell holding a basketball in one hand and making a V sign with the other.

Students who were first drawn to Cole Field House to watch Driesell gradually discovered the team. It finished the '69-'70 regular season with a 13-12 record and in the process outdrew every school in the Atlantic Coast Conference. But if life was fun for the fans, it was not always that neat for the players, some of whom had a difficult time adjusting to their new coach. Losses produce fury in Driesell, and it is not unusual for him to scream at his athletes for a full hour after a game. "You learn to pray when you play for Lefty Driesell," said last year's star, Will Hetzel. Now his ball-players are used to his explosive temperament. "We know when he's going to yell at us," says Captain Barry Yates, "and it doesn't bother us much now."

Probably the tantrums will bother Tom McMillen and the freshman team, perhaps the best in the country this year, even less. Its record is 10-0 and McMillen is averaging 28.4 points a game. Guard Jap Trimbale has 19 and Rich Porac, the other guard, has 14. In addition there is 6' 9" Len Elmore, who tore a knee early this winter and is resting for a while. The team that advertising and selling built might turn out to be so good—next year, of course—that a speechless Driesell will be reduced merely to waving signals at the stands. How many Vees would he need for a national championship?

THE WEEK

by HAROLD PETERSON

EAST Penn ran off a 15-1 lead and left Manhattan for dead, 98-68, but St. Joseph's was a livelier problem for the Quakers. The Hawks cut a 12-point Penn lead to one before Guard Steve Bilsky, basketballer for the first 36 minutes, scored twice and St. Joe's sophomores made four mistakes to lose 62-58.

"Fordham who?" the Temple Owls asked, and caught the Bronx gunners napping 67-66. Temple's 3-2 zone closed the driving lanes and forced Fordham outside, where

the Rams' shooting percentage is mediocre. Center Lee Tress swept the boards and scored 19 points for Temple.

La Salle buried Western Kentucky, which had built its 12-1 record primarily against small colleges. Ahead 73-44 at one point, the Explorers finished off the outlanders 91-76. Ken Durrett set a Palcsira record for a Big Five player by scoring 45 points. "The only thing Durrett did wrong all game," said Western Coach John Oldham, "was not get the opening tap."

"I don't believe in holding the ball in a visiting gym," De Paul Coach Ray Meyer said. So visiting De Paul ran with Villanova and made the home fans happy by losing 99-59. Niagara, however, forced Villanova into two overtime periods before the Wildcats finally staggered in with an 82-79 win. The Purple Eagles' 2-3 zone pushed Villanova's Howard Porter out of his favorite shooting angles and Wayne Jones dogged Porter in the corner. "It was a great basketball game," said Niagara's Frank Layden. "I really feel sorry for the people who stayed home."

1. PENN (12-0) 2. LA SALLE (10-1)

MIDWEST Marquette blasted Notre Dame 71-66 and New Mexico State 65-53 without playing its best game (page 32), and so did Notre Dame—against Detroit. Austin Carr, for one, hit only three of his first 15 shots, and the Irish shot 26½ in the first half before winning 93-79. Their best move may have been begging off a scheduled game with Kansas, and Oklahoma City's worst move may have been taking the game instead. The Chiefs had spent 10 days in Florida "lying on the beach watching the girls in bikinis and drinking orange juice" because a Virgin Islands playing tour had fallen through. "After that," said Coach Abe Lemons, "my players will be surly when they've found I'm taking them to Kansas." Surly or not, they were so unimpaired by the Jayhawkers' full-court press that they got only one basket in the first 9½ minutes and committed 14 turnovers in the first half. Ahead 25 points late in the game, Kansas began to get the ball and break 100. It did. 101-77.

Four o'clock in the afternoon before the Wisconsin game, Illinois Coach Harvey Schmidt showed his team the film of last season's memorable encounter. For Rick Howat and the Illini it was like a replay of Doomsday. They were leading the Big Ten with a 5-0 record, had won 18 in a row at the Assembly Hall and were ahead of Wisconsin by 10. But suddenly the lead was down to one point with seconds left and Howat was at the line for a one-and-one. He missed, and Wisconsin made a layup just ahead of the buzzer. Illinoians then lost its next four games. Tuesday night's contest

was almost a rerun. An 11-point Illinois lead dwindled to two points in the waning minutes, and—yes—here came Howat with a one-and-one. He sank both shots, and the Badgers couldn't believe it. They forced Howat three more times, so Howat dropped in six more free throws for an Illinois win 84-82. Later, in another tight one, the Illini beat Michigan State 69-67.

Indiana, led by George McGinnis' 31 points and 19 rebounds, downed Minnesota 99-73 but lost to Michigan 92-81. Jovan Price of Purdue, who has a wing-spread of 84 inches, used every inch to beat Minnesota. With the score tied 92-92 in overtime, Price blocked a shot, controlled the ball in midair and dribbled in for a layup. Purdue won 97-92.

1. MARQUETTE (12-0) 2. KANSAS (11-1)

SOUTH Kentucky Guard Kent Hollenbeck, who had played against Tennessee Captain Jimmy England in high school in Knoxville, kept talking to him. "They're not going to go in like that all day," he told England after every shot. But they did. England hit 10 of 17 from the field and led all scorers with 25 points as Tennessee beat Kentucky 75-71. A reserve 5'8" guard, Dick Johnston, sank all eight of his critical one-and-one foul shots down the stretch. Earlier the Volunteers gunned Florida 85-75 by hitting 61½ from the floor.

Kentucky did better against Georgia, the SEC's last-place team, but Adolph Rupp was forced to use a 1-3-1 zone to combat a slowdown before the Wildcats could beat the Bulldogs 79-66 behind Forward Tom Parker's 23 points. "It would not be fair to the boys not to give them an opportunity to try to win," Georgia Coach Ken Rosemond said of his tactics afterward.

Barry Parkhill has had a recurring dream: big game, time running out, his team one point behind. Here comes the pass, floating into his hands. He shoots. It's up! It's in! It's true! Awake and jumping from 15 feet out, the Virginia sophomore really did sink a shot, with five seconds left, and what was left of South Carolina was destroyed 50-49. The Cavaliers made 17 of 26 shots from the field to pull off their big upset and hand South Carolina its third straight conference defeat. Gamecock Coach Frank McGuire was left shouting about an ACC conspiracy against his team. "This is some kind of setup," he said.

North Carolina beat Clemson routinely enough but lost a chance to rise in the rankings by failing to Wake Forest 96-84, thereby enabling Virginia to move into a tie for the ACC lead. Charlie Davis' 35 points insured the Deacons' victory.

Jacksonville trounced Oklahoma City 95-67 just as OCU Coach Lemons had

expected. Hisscounting report on Jacksonville was a blank sheet of paper decorated by one word in live-inch-high letters: *stare!* Manhattan, 67-80 loser of a stalling game against Jacksonville ("What did you want us to do, lose by 50 or 60 points?" Coach John Powers asked), found all the fun was at its expense. Near the end of the game the playful Dolphins played a one-man defense. 7'2" Arts Collins guarding the goal alone while his four teammates stood at the opposite end of the court and cheered him on. Giltore blocked one shot and prevented two others as it took Manhattan a full 60 seconds to score.

Georgia Tech's coach has been called "mild-mannered John Hyler" so long that he signs his checks that way, but last week Hyler had three technicals in one game, as Tech won once and lost twice.

1. TENNESSEE (10-2) 2. W. KENTUCKY (12-2)

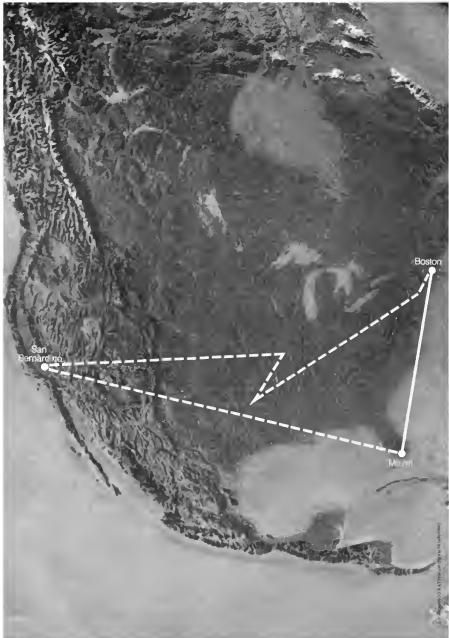
WEST It is the coachly way, sometimes, to praise the winning opponent as unbeatable. Consider, then, the quandary of California and Stanford. Both lost to UCLA and USC, and those two teams will meet twice before the season is over. One has to lose and probably, decided the coaches, it will be USC, even though the Trojans beat them by larger scores. "I don't know who can stop that tremendous Bruin front line," said Stanford's Howie Dallmar after losing to UCLA 58-53. Said Cal's Jim Padgett after a 94-76 loss: "That Sidney Wicks is by far the best we've seen. He draws, rebounds, shoots, plays defense and may even sell popcorn." Stanford did, however, hold UCLA to its lowest score of the year. Meanwhile, all the overlooked Trojans did was defeat Stanford 71-51 and Cal 90-66.

Utah State also continued to agonize the enemy. Now 13-2 for the season, the Blue left footprints on the backs of three opponents. Portland 50-67, Seattle 104-81 and Montana State 86-70. Perhaps to keep up interest during such runs, Coach LaDell Andersen is platooning. He alternates a tall three-forward offense—Marvin Roberts, Nate Williams, Bob Lauritski—with a fast two-guard model employing Terry Wakefield and Ron Hatch. Against Portland, the fast men beat the big men 52-38, the better coast of the night.

New Mexico's Willie Long tossed an 25 points and got 14 rebounds as the Lobos stepped UTEP 65-53. Arizona State beat Arizona 112-83 but lost to Hawaii 94-87 on a Holiday spree. Dwight Holiday's that is. He got 28 points on 14 of 20 for Hawaii.

Weber State, which has won four games with all-America Willie Sojourner either out or at half speed, damped Seattle 106-77.

1. UCLA (10-2) 2. USC (14-6)



At 100,000 miles per second,
the shortest distance between two phones may be a zigzag.

At the speed telephone signals travel, a detour isn't
a delay.

Say you're calling from Boston to Miami. It's quite
possible that you'll be routed through San Bernardino,
California.

But you'll arrive in Miami just as fast. Or only a frac-
tion of a second later.

Your call goes the long way for just one reason: so
you won't get caught in a traffic jam the short way. (When
it's an extra-busy 10 a.m. Christmas morning in Boston,
it's only 7 a.m. in California.)

To know when to send you where, network traffic
managers aided by computers are watch-dogging mil-
lions of calls each day.

Each of 12 regional centers in North America has
its own traffic team that studies a board lit up with calls
flashing to their destination.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company
and your local Bell Company aren't satisfied just perfect-
ing this overland route.

Now we're working out wider uses for the communi-
cations satellites overhead.

So the shortest distance between two phones may
take you through outer space.



Queasiness in rough cup waters

Just as everybody wants in, the
host yacht club may want out

In the wake of a brilliant and provocative America's Cup season have come some startling public developments and private discussions. There is one big piece of good news, one of bad news. The good news is that no fewer than four foreign countries—Australia, France, Britain and Canada—have challenged for 1973, the year of the next defense. If there are no dropouts this means that there will be racing of a magnitude scarcely even dreamed of until now. The bad news is that the New York Yacht Club, patron of the cup, has among its most influential members a number of men who would like to retire the old mug. They would not attempt to do so until after the 1973 defense, of course, but they are serious.

There are several reasons for this mood of withdrawal. One is that the club shrank from sensation and notoriety. The public may have relished the uproar over the collision of Australia's *Gretel II* and our defender, *Intrepid*, in the second race of the 1970 defense, but the club did not. (As one consequence, all protests made during the 1973 defense will be ruled on by a jury drawn from neutral members of the International Yacht Racing Union.)

Second, cup defenses absorb a lot of time and money—the latter nondeductible. Too much time and too much money, say some club members.

Finally, the club is extremely uneasy about the actual conduct of the races off Newport, R.I. It worries especially

about the growing spectator fleet—the possibility of collisions and drownings, and the problem of fog.

But if there are doubts in New York, there is a fever of anticipation elsewhere. From Australia and France there are multiple challenges. Again, given no dropouts, this means that Contender A and Contender B in each of these countries must have a shoot-out at home, for it can be said with certainty that the New York Yacht Club will invite no more than one 12-meter per country to final eliminations at Newport.

Of the four contending countries the winter-hook favorite is Australia. Challenges have been made by both the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron in the east and the Royal Perth Yacht Club in the west. Sydney means Sir Frank Packer and the *Gretels*, and probably a new sloop from the board of Alan Payne, the quiet craftsman who closed the technological gap on the U.S. in 1970. There may also be a new boat from a syndicate headed by Sydney Publisher Norman Rydge, who is believed to have been maneuvered out of a 1970 challenge by Sir Frank.

From Australia's west comes a 33-year-old millionaire and fledgling sailor named Alan Bond. Newport caught a glimpse of Bond last summer at the start of the Bermuda race. He appeared with a new 58-foot sloop called *Apollo*, and at the line he came on like Captain Cook: a cocked hat on his head, a sea cloak draped over his pudgy frame, a sword at his waist. The job of designing a Twelve for Bond probably will go to Bob Maller, the man behind *Apollo*.

For the supreme individualist, however, one must turn to France and Baron Marcel Buch. He is coming back, challenging through the Sailing Circle of Paris. And he'll be back sooner than you think. After his *France* lost to *Gretel* last summer he stored her at Newport along with his trial horses, *Chameggy* and *Constellation*, and he will man them for crew training next summer.

There is a good chance that a second French contender will be launched, this one by the Marseille Yacht Club with Xavier de Roux as syndicate leader. He heads both the Marseille club and the French Yacht Federation and has enlisted such prestigious men as Dr. Joseph Comitt, France's Secretary of State for Youth and Sport, and Gaston Defferre, the mayor of Marseille. There will be no single overlord, à la Buch; in-

stead, a democratic alliance of "modern industrial managers."

For the first time in this century another North American country may be represented. Canada, for Vancouver Businessman George W. O'Brien has assembled a 25-man syndicate. He figures a bankroll of \$1.5 million should cover expenses, and he is no stranger to Twelves, being the present owner of Australia's 1967 challenger, *Dame Pattie*, now called *Endless Summer*. O'Brien is expected to have the Canadian sloop designed and built by the Vancouver firm of Cove Hatfield and Company Ltd.

The remaining entry is from Britain, the original and most persistent challenger. Commodore Elmer Ellsworth Jones of the Royal Thames Yacht Club has put a syndicate together with the blessing of Prince Philip and the Admiral of the Fleet, the Earl Mountbatten of Burma. There is a naive feeling in the RTYC that its "special relationship" with the NYCC may result in its challenge being accepted to the exclusion of all others. But no designer has yet been selected and time is slipping away.

At home, potential defenders are already stirring. Foremost among them is a new group called the Courageous syndicate, some of whose key men backed *Intrepid*, i.e., Bill Strawbridge, Briggs Dalzell and Burr Barrtram Jr. They will build a new boat for Skipper Bill Ficker. Back in the cockpit will be two of Ficker's keymen, tactician Steve Van Dyke (he of the famous bee sting) and Navigator Peter Wilson. But Britton Chance, the young designer who revamped *Ohm Stephens' Intrepid* for 1970, has been discarded and Stephens himself has been asked to do the new Courageous Twelve.

A West Coast group called the California International Sailing Association had hoped to get Stephens, but now it may turn to a young Coast designer like Gary Muller or Bruce King. And Britton Chance might get something going with Ted Turner, who was just voted the *Martini & Rossi* Trophy as Yachtsman of the Year. *Intrepid* Skipper Bob McCullough may be back, and Charley Morgan of *Hernage* fame says he certainly will be.

All in all, it looks like a brimming cup for 1973—and a moment of decision for the New York Yacht Club. But, who knows, maybe a foreign entry will solve the NYCC's problem by simply taking away the America's Cup. **END**

Springtime!

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***How DuPont helps
the alligator save his
skin.***

*Just a short while back,
the alligator was about to join
the eagle in the ranks of van-
ishing Americans.*

*Laws offer him some pro-
tection. But the alligator is
often hunted illegally. And
poachers are hard to catch.*

*What may prove just as
helpful to the alligator is a*

*"skin" that looks very much
like his.*

*A skin made of Du Pont
"Corfam"™ poromeric material.*

*It isn't easy to tell alliga-
tor skin made from "Corfam"
from alligator skin that is
made from alligators.*

*"Corfam" in alligator pat-
terns is remarkable stuff. For
example, even when you give it
quite a kicking around, it still
comes back shiny-bright.*

*Of course, Du Pont didn't
invent "Corfam" just to save
the alligator. But we do know
that it won't be very long be-
fore the demand for many
natural materials gets ahead*



of the supply.

So, every day we work at creating beautiful man-made things that can do the job of beautiful natural things.

There are "wooden" trim, shutters and doors for home construction that are really Du Pont nylon. They look and last better than wood itself. So they will help our forests look and last better, too.

And there are parkas and sleeping bags filled with

Du Pont "Dacron"™ polyester fiberfill instead of goosedown.

And man-made furs of Du Pont fibers...furs that could almost fool the animals themselves.

There's a world of things we're doing something about.





A new boom bubbles up in the boot business



FOAM IS PRE-MIXED, then injected with a batterlike foam gun into the sole of Lange's new competition model boot. The process is painless.

SHOOTING UP of Dalbotts is done in pairs through the heels. The other shells are assignments, adding a hold-spacious touch.

No matter what skiers say about all the swell aspects of their sport, they have for years suffered from two great pains: 1) aching, numbed feet and 2) cold feet. Oldtime leather boots have long since given way to plastic (hasn't everything?), but plastic shells have only increased convenience, not comfort. Now, after years of experimenting, an answer may be at hand—or foot. The age of the foam ski boot has arrived.

This is not calculated to be startling news. The first stirrings in the foam-boot world began as far back as nine years ago and last year the boots were sold widely. But this season, for the first time, every major manufacturer is on the line with a foam model, ranging from \$120 to \$175. The colorful boots marching across the opposite page and above are a typical selection. All are "foamies."

The foam is on the inside. One simply slips on the boots and the bubbly is

poured or injected under pressure to snugly conform to every gnarl, corn, peak and hollow of the individual foot. The foam then sets up and, presumably, retains its shape forever. If done correctly—and most manufacturers are quick to confess that foaming is still an imperfect art—the light new boots give firm support, plenty of warmth and a strong sense of control. The latter sensation is so unusual that Mel Dulehout, one of the bootmakers, insists that his boot provides "power steering."

Ski-boot people call this new process "customizing," a term that has an exclusive, expensive sound to it, but among skiers the term foamies has already become well fixed and probably will never change. While foamies covers the subject well, the materials used are technically all elastomers—which is anything resembling rubber. Specifically, most of the boots use polyurethanes or silicones. Beyond that basic, the secret lies in mixing the foam compound with a catalyst to produce just the proper blend of air bubbles and solid matter. Each manufacturer claims to have that mixture exclusively, but Seattle's Peter Kennedy, who pioneered the foam principle years ago, figures the foam mixtures are like cheeses: "There are hundreds of them, all good."

For something this new and reasonably complicated, the foamies are catching on fast. In the East, Harry Vallon of Scandinavian Ski Shops says, "We are stocking only foam boots from now on; we are selling fit, which is essential to happy skiing." Sun Valley's Pete Lane has gone all out for foaming, which he claims is the boot of the future even though "everyone is still learning about it." In Vail, Colo., the Gorsuch shop has moved to 50', foamies, and Salt Lake City's Stevens-Brown has sold more than 200 pairs this season. Estimates indicate that foam boots have about 10% of the market this season and are coming on stronger.

So accountants are pleased, but what do the foam-footed skiers say? First reports are enthusiastic, particularly from those with hard-to-fit feet. And the foamies actually may fit too well. One SI tester reported: "My foot is not exactly the same size every day; that happens to everybody. Also, I don't wear the same sock-pants combination every day and there is a difference where the ski-pants seams fit on my foot."

Still, the market is growing. The customized boots are clearly coming on and, as one skier puts it, "Look, I don't care what they pour inside there—just so it keeps my feet warm."

END

COLORFUL PLASTIC outside, foam inside—and lighter than the oldtime leather models, these boots represent the design revolution. From top to bottom, left, Kiefer Orion \$135, Peter Kennedy \$140, Nordica Astral Pro \$140; top right, Le Trappeur Pro \$135, A&T Si-More \$135, Lange Competition \$175. The vivid new skin arrayed in the background, also advanced designs, are the Hart Cullen, Olm Mark I, K-2 Competition and Völkl Explosion.

Anybody else care to bid for Spencer Haywood?

An Olympic hero is spending more time in federal courts than on basketball courts as two leagues and a flock of owners wage a ferreaching battle to decide which team he will play for, or if he should play at all

The selection of Lenny Wilkens, player-coach of the Seattle SuperSonics, as the most valuable player in the All-Star Game provided the proper note of irony on which to close last week's 25th anniversary celebration by the National Basketball Association in San Diego, for what should have been a sterling occasion for the league was tarnished by problems involving Wilkens' own team. The problem was an All-Star in absentia, a 21-year-old man-child not quite in the promised land whose activities affected every official meeting, monopolized all casual conversation and muddled the mood of those who would have been the most avid telegrams, the league's commissioner and owners.

The poll was cast by Spencer Haywood, all 6 feet 9 of him. He is a player of extraordinary ability, and the basic problem was whether he should be allowed to play with the Sonics, who recently

signed him to a \$1.5 million contract.

Haywood has dominated basketball conversation before: happy talk when he led the U.S. Olympic basketball team to a gold medal in Mexico City, and angry talk when the American Basketball Association's Denver Rockets signed him to a professional contract in 1969 even though he had two years of eligibility remaining at the University of Detroit. Both the NBA and ABA prohibit the hiring of college players before their classes have been graduated, but the ABA allows the premature signing of "hardship" cases. Haywood, one of 10 children whose mother worked as a domestic in Silver City, Miss., fit the ABA's undefined hardship qualification—as a lot of college players would. He quickly became the ABA's scoring and rebounding champion, its Most Valuable Player and Rookie of the Year.

Last last season several NBA teams,

most prominently Milwaukee, tried to induce Haywood to leave Denver. (It is another point of irony that Milwaukee President Ray Patterson last week was calling for Seattle's expulsion from the league after the Sonics used Haywood in a game against the Bucks.) Hearing of the proposals from the NBA teams, Rockets' Owner Bill Ringsby offered to renegotiate Haywood's original \$450,000 contract. "I was happy with the contract I had," says Haywood now, "but he told me, 'I want to make you the highest-paid basketball player in the world because you deserve it.'"

A new contract was hastily roughed out in pencil and agreed to, and Haywood formally signed it a few months later, after he turned 21. "At first I didn't look at the contract," he says. "After all, they were the ones who offered to give me a new one: I hadn't asked for it. I trusted them, and I was doing a good enough job for them that I thought they'd never cheat me."

At the time of the signing it was announced that the contract was for \$1.9 million over six years. In fact, only \$394,000 was to be paid as salary during the playing term of the contract. The remainder was supposed to accrue from a long-term annuity that had the effect of tying Haywood to the Ringsby organization for 10 years. None of the deferred income was guaranteed if either the franchise or the ABA went out of business, nor would Haywood receive the benefits if he were traded. In addition, Haywood's attorney-adviser, Al Ross, and four West Coast law firms that have been retained in the case now insist that the Rockets' investment of \$100,000 in the annuity is likely to yield \$1 million less than Denver claims.

After finally reading the contract and unsuccessfully attempting to obtain "clarification" from the Rockets' management, Haywood retained Ross as counsel last October. Between Oct. 30 and Dec. 25, Ross, Haywood and Ringsby, along with ABA Commissioner Jack Dolph and his lawyers, met frequently to try to resolve the disagreements.

TEAM OF HAYWOOD, ROSS (LEFT) AND SCHULMAN AFTER WINNING LEGAL SKIRMISH



In November the Rockets filed a \$1 million suit against Ross and his associates for inducing breach of contract and slander. Los Angeles Federal District Court Judge Warren Ferguson enjoined Ross from negotiating in Haywood's behalf, but at the same time he turned Haywood's contract over to experts charged with determining whether the player's contention is valid that he was misled into signing it. A subsequent injunction issued by Judge Ferguson forces the NBA to allow Haywood to play at least temporarily with Seattle, indicating he may be already disposed to declare the Denver contract void.

Regardless of the judge's final decision, Haywood has said that he will not return to play in Denver. He has agreed to a six-year contract with Seattle. Before signing Haywood, Seattle Owner Sam Schulman asked the NBA Board of Governors for permission to make the deal. His request was voted down, but apparently gambling that the courts would help him circumvent the rules of his own organization, Schulman went ahead with the deal. Normally the league could block the Haywood contract by applying the four-year college eligibility rule, since Spencer's old classmates have yet to be graduated. But Haywood's lawyers prevented that by suing the NBA (including Schulman, for he is part of the league) and getting an injunction through Judge Ferguson that barred the NBA from exercising the rule.

Schulman, who once publicly rebuked NBA Commissioner Walter Kennedy for breaking off merger discussions with the ABA, is being attacked by his fellow owners because he did not respect their vote. They also feel he is testing many of the same legal weapons against them that could prove useful to their opponents in pending battles with the ABA and their own Players' Association. However, most of Schulman's critics have avoided the real issues, resorting instead to unveiled threats or half-truths. ("We'll have to kill him, or else he's going to kill us," says one owner.)

"I think the reason the other 16 NBA teams did not sign or attempt to sign Haywood is that they felt he had a valid contract with Denver," says Los Angeles Lakers' general manager Fred Schaus. But the Lakers were one of six NBA teams that showed serious interest in signing Haywood. Spencer delayed closing his deal with the Sonics in



THE BUCKS' ALCINDOR WELDON SPENCER TO THE NBA BUT HIS BOSSES DIDN'T

order for Los Angeles to make an offer. Other NBA leaders have taken to moralizing about the sanctity of college basketball and what the signing of Haywood will do to the league's image.

"We're not the ones who made him a pro," says Lenny Wilkens, defending the Sonics' position. "The ABA made him a pro, and there is no way he is going back to college now. We're not the ones who are violating the rules. He's on the open market. I get tired of teams suing us because we signed him. They wanted to sign him, too."

Wilkens' last point is valid. What the other teams are really most concerned about is the draft system—the fact that if the court upholds the signing of Haywood, none of them will have a chance to obtain rights to him. "A lot of clubs were interested in talking to Haywood," says Phoenix General Manager Jerry Colangelo, one of the few to address the core of the controversy. "I did myself, but I was informed by the NBA office that he must go through this year's draft. As much as I respect Sam Schulman as a progressive owner, I can't see the Board of Governors letting this take place. It's unfair, especially to Buffalo, Portland or Cleveland, teams that might have a chance to draft Haywood in the first round."

At the NBA board meeting during the All-Star break, the owners called for Kennedy to determine the "most drastic penalties" that could be imposed on Seattle without violating the injunction which stipulates that Haywood must play. Kennedy estimated that those penalties could range from minimal fines to disenfranchisement. Schulman angrily countered with threats to expose unspecified illegal policies which he alleges all the other owners in the league have followed at one time or another.

Such a harsh exchange would seem to preclude compromise, but the NBA owners did not arrive at their present position in sports by precluding compromise. They have shouted at each other before. An accommodation may yet be worked out that would have Seattle keeping Haywood but losing its first draft choice, paying a fine and giving up a veteran player to an expansion team.

Haywood and the NBA are due back in Judge Ferguson's court again later this week, and the issue will be the most far-reaching one of all—is the league violating antitrust laws? That kind of question can make a compromise overwhelmingly attractive to everyone. Self-interest, which got so many people into difficulty in this case, will probably get them out of it.

END

Some friends of Harry Lillis

Several dozen of the game's most influential underachievers pull out all stops in their pursuit of reflected glory at the Crosby Clambake

You see them alga-deep in the sea plant of Pebble Beach, pecking from behind the evergreens of Spyglass Hill, or gazing longingly off toward Seal Rock at a soaring slice from the jagged seascape of Cypress Point. They are everywhere—windblown, wet, muddy tired and almost always terribly over par, but these are the friends of Harry Lillis Crosby, the people for whom the Clambake really was started. What Tom Shaw does, like win the tournament, is actually of little consequence to these holders of perhaps the most exclusive invitation in the sport of golf.

By number, they were the same 168 gentlemen last week who had either been actual "friends of Bing" over the years or had begged, phoned, written, eluded, threatened or coerced their way into the tournament. No fewer than 9,516 owners of darting hooks and huned wedge shots—and corporations, countries, etc.—tried to get into the 1971 Bing Crosby National Pro-Amateur. They wrote Bing, or Maurie Luxford, his director of play, or they phoned, or they had friends write or call in an all-out effort to snag one of only 46 golden spots that remained after the regulars were taken care of.

Amateurs who get invited once have a way of staying invited, unless they cheat or move on to the Great Pebble in the Sky. These were 122 last week who had played in the tournament before, some of them going back to the first one in 1937. In all of this time, the tournament had raised over \$3 million for charity, building 12 youth centers and starting student-loan funds in 67 colleges in 27 states. But nothing had grown like the event's exclusivity. Basically, if you weren't a true old (dead, old) pal of Harry Lillis, it was better luck next year.

A name pro can usually hang along whomever he chooses, and the Palmiers and Nicklauses have been known to get two or three invitations. Dean Martin wangled three this time, close to the amateur course record. "I suppose there are about 25 players who are what you would call very close friends of Bing," says Luxford. "They would never ask him for a spot for their friend."

It is about the most confusing and far-flung of all tournaments on the professional circuit, with two events going on simultaneously. The pros play 72 holes individually for \$135,000 on three different courses. In addition each pro is teamed with an amateur partner in a best-ball event for \$25,000 in prize money for the pros and trophies for the ams.

The amateurs have a wide range of talent as golfers, some of them with handicaps as high as 23 and some of them near scratch, like John Bodie, the 49ers' quarterback, or Mickey Van Gerbig, a young lawyer from Palm Beach who is known to his close friends as Sudden Summer because of his blond hair and constant tan. Van Gerbig, a two handicapper, can play golf, as he proved on the first day when he shot a 67 at Pebble Beach to make up for the 79 of his partner, Deane Beman.

The amateurs played shorter tees than the pros, but even so, Van Gerbig's mound was fairly phenomenal. He birdied six of the first eight holes—natural birdies, having nothing to do with his handicap. Van Gerbig's individual score got him and Beman a tie for the pro-am lead, but it was to be their only day of glory. Appropriately, two of Bing's old friends—Father John Durkin, an Air Force chaplain who teamed with Lou Graham, and George Coleman, a banker from Palm Beach who always plays with Jack Burke Jr.— wound up fighting



VAN GERBIG: SOME SUDDEN SUMMER



DE BRETTEVILLE: FATHER—AND SON, TOO



WORTHING: KEEPER OF THE SNAKE PIT

it out for the pro-am prize. They had a bushel of handicap strokes, which is what it takes to win a pro-am. Also, this is what it takes to make all the other competitors complain, except when one player happens to be a priest and the other such a close friend of Bing—in the top five, said Luxford.

It looked for much of Sunday as if Burke and Coleman had won, but here came Father Durkin to hole a nifty putt on the 17th, right there on national television, to give him and Graham the pro-am title by one stroke.

In fact, this was more exciting than the championship proper, where a dandy race had shaped up through Saturday when Tom Shaw held only a one-stroke lead over none other than Arnold Palmer. When Palmer eagled the 2nd hole on Sunday morning, the prospects for a brawl looked even better, but Shaw had played well all week and he simply moved off in glorious Monterey weather to open up a four-shot lead on Palmer and eventually beat him by two strokes.

It might be of interest to those of the 9,516 applicants who did not get their invitations to explain who some of the friends of Bing are. Fortunately, there was the usual document distributed to the press last week—longer on charm than it was accuracy—revealing all that anyone might care to know. Some random samples:

"de Bretteville, Charles—president, Cypress Point Club, Chairman of the Board, Bank of California, Woodside, California.

"de Bretteville, Locke—college student, son of Charles, Woodside, California.

"Fisher, Robert S., Keokuk, Iowa, Industrialist. Owns game hunting ranch visited by Bing.

"Greaney, Edward M., Jr., M.D. (Mike), famous surgeon—one of few who has ever separated Siamese twins. Has 9 children.

"Hamilton, Joseph H., Beverly Hills, California. Producer of *Carol Burnett Show*. (Also her husband.)

"Hoag, Robert S., business executive from Columbus, Ohio. Friend of Jack Nicklaus.

"Lange, Jim, daily KMPC-TV show in Los Angeles, disc jockey—*Dancing Game* man.

"Laughter, Cy, Dayton, Ohio, vice-president of Laughter Corp. One

of President Nixon's closest friends.

"Spencer, John M., director of gun club where Bing shoots. . . ."

And so on.

As the tournament unfolds all around the Del Monte Lodge, there is a place where one can get to know most of the amateurs. The Snake Pit, they call it. Actually, it is the suite of Bill Worthing, one of the oldtime friends of everybody, and into it comes practically anybody of importance—singers, comedians, pals of Nixon, the dumpy, haggard, course-whipped troopers in search of a drink, a fireplace and a golf joke they haven't heard since yesterday.

An insurance executive, Bill Worthing has been in about as many Crosbys as anybody. He feels obligated to appear, if for no other reason than to host the Pit and give everyone a place to dry off. "If these walls could talk," he says.

The walls can't, but the folks do. Waiters enter carrying 17 glasses of milk and sandwiches for the drop-ins, closely followed by people like Jim Vickers, the oilman from Wichita, Kans., who glances at TV and tells Bing to "get off" so he can tell the room about the two-two he made at Cypress.

"The Pit's closing," says Bill Worthing. "Nobody I know made the cut."

"Step up," says Vickers. "I want to talk about my back-to-back twos."

Nobody listens. Crowds mill in, children, couples, to stare at Mickey Mantle and Don Drysdale and Clint Eastwood. Ray Floyd enters to discuss his 66 at Pebble Beach. Phil Rodgers enters with Floyd's sister, a cute blonde.

Arnold Palmer is on television moving into contention. "Quiet," somebody says. "It's the magician."

Palmer birdies the hole and Harry Lillis Crosby is thrilling the audience with his mystifying expertise. "Well, old Dino's gonna have himself a Gibson down there on the rocks at 17," says the Old Groaner. "Hit it quail high on the old persimmon and clap it up on the alpaca with a Foot Joy. That's the way to string it out on the old alligator with the cashmere double bogey. Rattle the cupertino at the old Crosby. Yowser."

The room empties. Off to other parties. All around 17-Mile Drive steaks are being charcoaled, lobsters dropped in pots and attention paid to ladies with puppies in their purses who spin fascinating tales about the grand days of Cypress Point.

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IT AIN'T JUST ALL HEAVEN, GAMBLING. THERE'S A LOT YOU GOT TO CONTEND WITH

—John Hardie Moss, world's best poker player

by **EDWIN SHRAKE**

In a voice that sounds like a recorded announcement Eighty Dollar Natey says, "Pleased to make your acquaintance." His handshake is quick and slight, his flesh cold. His eyes, sunk in black pockets in a face otherwise white as alabaster, move around the casino on a sunny morning in Glitter Gulch in downtown Las Vegas. He is searching for clients among players who have been up all night at the green tables. What Eighty Dollar Natey does is lend small sums of money to people who go broke. He demands a very high rate of interest, but they pay it.

Out on the Strip, five miles from where Eighty Dollar Natey prowls through the morning, the casinos in the resort hotels look the same inside no matter what the hour. If it is midnight and it is snowing outside you can't tell it from a summer noon. There are no clocks, and the light is always the same late-afternoon glow. You know if it is evening, because people will be lined up for the dinner show then, to see girls with plumes doing num-

bers that have not changed much from what dance-hall flowers were doing when the Nevada legislature voted for legal gambling 102 years ago. The players haven't changed much at heart either, except they now arrive from far greater distances on jet planes that shuttle them in at all hours every day of the year for action at the tables and among the rows of spinning fruit.

At the Dunes Hotel, in a corner near the entrance to the coffee shop, are four poker tables. A shoulder-high fence separates the tables from the rest of the room. Three tables are empty. At the other table—right rear, closest to the door with the sign on it that says women—are a dealer and five other men. Two of the men wear cardigan sweaters and golf shirts, one wears a sport jacket, another a wrinkled suit. The last is young, and his hair hangs over the collar of his tight, red body shirt. Only the dealer wears a tie. There appears to be nothing very special about the table or the players. They could be in the locker room of almost any country club.

After a while one of the men—the one wearing a red cardigan—quietly slides back his chair and gets up from the table, where he had been sitting for 40 hours.

"You got to have a strong belly for this game," *continued*

Behind piles of \$100 chips, Moss sits at his table in the Dunes.

he says. "If you scream, it'll only irritate you and you'll love. They won't give your money back nohow." For a moment he studies the people setting up a clamor of bells and voices in the casino. It is no coincidence that resort hotels on the Strip in Las Vegas resemble resort hotels in Miami Beach, for their books list some of the same owners and their customers are often the same. Hundreds of these people rushing from handle to wheel in the casino have flown in on chartered planes as guests of the house, and the man in the red sweater shakes his head.

"If a fellow on a junket would lose \$400 and quit, he'd have all the best of it," he says. "But there's lots of suckers that get in deep and don't know no way out but to keep throwing."

He thinks for a minute. "Well, that ain't my problem," he says. "I've just had the best hand going into the last card about 30 straight times, and every time they out-drawed me. I lost \$18,000 and would of lost \$100,000 if I hadn't of took some insurance. Sometimes it does irritate me. I got to admit that."

Now that Johnny Moss has abandoned his chair and come to the bar you can see the surface of the poker table. On it are stacks of black chips, too many to count. A black chip is worth \$100. It is not unknown for a single pot at that table to contain \$250,000. A pot of \$70,000 is common. That is cash money. No markers, no personal checks. The winner picks it up.

At that right rear table in the casino at the Dunes, day after day, the richest established permanent poker game in the world takes place. Players come and go. Tommy Ahdo, a regular player and a very high roller, arose from his chair at that table one night, walked about 10 feet to the gate in the fence and fell to the floor with a heart attack. "Somebody count my checks," he said, and died. But the game goes on.

From the balcony of his room, Johnny Moss can see the mountains change colors with the seasons. Nearly every night he joins the game at the Dunes, which is encouraged by some of the hotel owners who like to play big poker. The hotel collects \$50 per hour from each player, for which he receives food, drink and an honest deal. But the greatest advantage is that when a man steps out of the game he can immediately deposit his money in the casino safe and ride up to his room with empty pockets. Thus he is not apt to get stuck up in the elevator.

Moss also manages the poker room at Benny Binion's Horseshoe Club in Ginter Gulch. He and Binion are old friends who were hustlers as kids on the streets of East Dallas, and occasionally there is a no-limit poker game at the Horseshoe. The Horseshoe also has a \$2,500 limit at craps, highest in the country. This is of purely speculative interest to Moss, who does not shoot craps. Any more.

The story is told by old gamblers that Moss was summoned to Las Vegas in 1951 by Benny Binion to play in a spectacular poker game against Nick Dandolos, who was known as Nick the Greek. Moss broke the Greek, they say, and stayed in Las Vegas for three years. In that time, according to the legend, Moss won \$5 million at cards and \$1.5 million playing golf. But in 1954 he left Las Vegas \$500,000 in debt. He had lost it all shooting craps. Moss paid back the money in five years at \$100,000 per year by going on the road as a poker player. He did not return to Las Vegas until 1968 when his friend Sid Wyman, casino boss and part owner of the Dunes, asked him to return.

Like most citizens, whether they gamble or not, Moss is wary of the Internal Revenue Service. All he will admit about his first three years in Las Vegas is that whatever he won was taken away by the dice. "You might get hot and win at dice or baccarat or blackjack for a couple of days, but there ain't a man alive can stay with them games against the house for a long period of time and not wind up broke," he says. "You don't see me shooting no dice, and I used to be a good shooter."

Moss watches the players at the pinball machines, but his mind is elsewhere. "I'll tell you about Las Vegas," he says. "Everybody out here is trying to get his hand into your pocket. They smell money. If you got it, they're somewhere right this minute scheming

how to get it away from you. Always figuring, figuring how to hustle you. A sucker don't ever catch on. A smart man don't ever sleep. He's got to keep ducking the traps."

Jean Magowan, publicity director for the Dunes, is asked to describe Johnny Moss. "Oh, Mr. Moss is a darling," she says. "He's such a sweet man. So quiet and nice and grandfatherly. You'd trust him with anything. He looks like a cheeb. Yes, he looks exactly like the kind of man you'd like to sit down and play cards with."

Sid Wyman is behind his desk in his office off the casino floor at the Dunes. Wyman, an enormous man with a slap-bass voice, is noted as a top cardplayer in his own right, one who "plays all the games," as the gamblers say, and you don't become part owner of the Dunes by losing.

"One thing about poker players," Wyman says, "they all think they're the world champion. It's as simple as that. But Johnny Moss happens to be the champion player. If you put 10 games together, like a decathlon, he'd be the best at eight and probably second in the other two. He's a real hard man to play with. He never divulges anything. A lot of poker players, you look hard and long enough, you'll find a little weakness, a chink in the armor that you might be able to penetrate. But Johnny—never, nothing."



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GAMBLING

continued

"He's got know-how. Being able to feel the pulse of the other players is tremendously instrumental in determining whether you win or lose. Many people, if you put enough steam on them, you take the money down—because they might be a little lacking in heart, lacking bankroll, lacking in many things that you sit in judgment on at that table. A lot of players show bravery, leap in where the angels fear to tread. Johnny shows courage—that's when you think it over and then tread. Any man that comes in here and puts his money down on the poker table in large doses feels he's a champion player. It's as simple as that. But I'd have to say that 98% of them go home empty. Not Johnny.

"One great quality he's got is a very small regard for money. If money is really important to you, you'll never be a good high player. To Johnny, money is just paper to gamble with. That's one reason he's a great no-limit player. He's got heart and he knows psychology. He can move his checks in such a fashion that he gets his opponents in so deep that it becomes just as dangerous for them to stop as to go ahead. He makes them call him, and he busts 'em. It's as simple as that.

"Johnny is great at selling a hand. Some guy, you

can win \$100,000 from him if you win it \$2,000 at a time. The same guy, if you win \$20,000 from him on one hand he'll quit and never play with you again. I was playing stud one night with a fellow named Slim. He had eight-10-jack-queen-up. I had a pair of sixes. It was a small game, and I said to myself if he bets \$2,500 I'm gonna pass, because he's trying to sell the hand, but if he bets more I'm gonna call. He bet \$2,900. I just called it, put it right in, made him a miser. My sixes took it. If he'd tried to sell me a little cheaper, he'd of got it. You must know your man!

"I'll sum up poker playing in a hurry. When a good player gets lucky he wins the whole table. And when a poor player gets lucky he wins just a small corner of the table. I sum it up for you just like that."

Ranking in the hierarchy of gamblers are Jews, Greeks, Chinese and Texans, in no certain order. There is an adage that a casino is assured of success if it attracts a flourishing Jewish trade. Greeks are said to be cunning, Chinese clever and persistent. The mystique about poker players from Texas is that the best ones are very high rollers and nerveless.

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"I'd always heard about these big poker players from Texas," says Jack Richardson, a New York writer. "I kept thinking, well, I'm a good player and I want to try myself against them. I came into a pretty good stake. So one night I sat in a game with these big players from Texas, and before I'd seen the last card of my first hand I had already risked a significant portion of my stake. They'd put me into a position where I had to win a hand right away or my stake would be gone. I was in the wrong league. Later I asked one of these fellows to teach me about poker. He was the perfect guy, was called Doc, had a curly cowlick, the whole thing. He sat me down in his kitchen at the table. Doc left the room. An hour went by. I was thinking, what the hell, getting very restless. Then he came back and said, 'You just had your first lesson. Patience.'"

Some of the biggest poker games ever held were in small hotels in Texas during the Depression. Gamblers and street hustlers were going into the oil business, and they were betting leases and rigs as well as cash. "If you played a week you could win a million dollars, win it in a night if it shaped up right," Johnny Moss recalls. "There were games, like at the old Metropolitan Hotel in Fort

Worth, that nobody would believe the sums involved if I told you today. You got to be a good gambler, anyhow, to get rich in the oil business. Some of them players came out worth \$40 million, what with poker and dice and oil leases and whatnot. Money didn't mean nothing to them, but gambling did. Some of them big oldtime oilmen still play in big poker games, but only for the pleasure of stepping on a professional gambler if they can. I like to see them come around."

High rollers are thrilled by numbers. "When you've rolled for a thousand who wants to roll for a dime anymore?" says Jack Binion. The late Little Man Popwell, famous as a compulsive high roller, was trying to borrow \$10,000 in Pittsburgh a few years ago. A friend told him, "I happen to know you got \$290,000 with you. What you need with \$10,000?" Little Man replied, "I got a good thing on a football game, and I want to bet \$300,000."

Johnny Moss had been playing in high games for years when Benny Binion called him and said, "They got a fellow out here that thinks he can play stud poker." Moss packed and headed for Las Vegas for his confrontation with Nick the Greek—a classic session. "I wasn't the best
continued

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stud player in the world no way, but I could play good stud, you know, and I figured I'd better do it," Moss says. "We got at it, and there was hundreds of people sweating the game; people everywhere, and the table was full of checks."

Early in the game Moss had two nines up. The biggest card Nick the Greek had showing was an eight. On the fifth card the Greek caught a jack. Moss bet \$20,000. The Greek raised \$20,000.

"I think I got a jack in the hole," the Greek said.

"I told him, 'Greek, if you got a jack in the hole you are liable to win yourself a damn big pot,'" says Moss. "I shoved out another \$20,000, and the Greek turned over a jack."

"The biggest bet me and Nick made on the suit of a card was after we'd took to playing lowball, deuce to the seven. Two-three-four-five-seven is the best hand in that game, and you play it like draw poker. Nick bet \$60,000, and I bet him \$60,000 more. He drew one card. I stayed put with an eight-six."

"We went to betting again. He turned over an eight-five. That one hand cost me \$250,000. But we kept on playing for days, and finally the Greek said, 'I got to let you go.' I had broke him, you see."

It is a peculiar thing about high-rolling gamblers that they can lose their entire roll—sums that are literally fortunes—and pop up a few days later with another basket of money. Joe Bernstein, who used to gamble with the murdered Arnold Rothstein, has won astronomically at craps and baccarat and promptly lost it all back at the same tables. "My bankroll has been this long," he says, stretching out his arms, "and it has been this long," pinching his fingers together. Now in his 70s, Bernstein is tanned, with slick white hair and dresses like a Palm Beach dandy. Not long ago he had himself a lick at the Horseshoe crap table, and gamblers flew in from all over the country to try to hustle Bernstein out of his money. "You never saw so many wolves crowding around," says Jack Binion. The question that naturally occurs is why doesn't Bernstein, at his age, put something aside? "It's just not in his makeup to do that," Binion says. "He's a gambler."

High rollers don't always recover by luck or skill at the tables. Some have "stake horses," rich men who bankroll them for a percentage of their winnings. Some sell pieces of their play to other gamblers. A few lend money to each other in times of varying fortune. The usual terms are that the money is to be paid back when the borrower is winning again, often with a percentage of the winnings as a bonus. Occasionally money is loaned "on principle," which means payable on demand, with no excuses.

There is quite a bit of pride associated with this. "One

day some boys broke me in Dallas," Moss recalls. "If I'd had \$300 I would of left town, but I didn't know where to get it. So that night I got in another game and lost \$30,000. Well, I knew where to get that. I wouldn't ask nobody for \$300, but \$80,000 was easy."

Born in Marshall, Texas in 1907, Johnny Moss was moved to Fort Worth, where his mother died when he was 6 months old. Traveling in a covered wagon, the family proceeded to Dallas and sold their horses to the fire department. When Johnny was 5 a telephone pole fell on his father's leg and crushed it. "He got gangrene poison, and they had to take his leg off," Moss says. "So my daddy was crippled, and he run out of money, you know, and we moved over to East Dallas, and I think I got promoted from the high second to the low third when I was about 8 or 9, but I had to leave school and go to selling pa-

pers. I got hold of a bicycle and delivered for the Mackey Telegraph Company and finally got me a motorcycle and went to work for a drugstore."

"Benny Binion was a kid working on the streets in East Dallas, and so was another gambler named Bennie Backers, and so was Chill Wilks, the movie actor. I learned how to gamble when I was about 9 years old, shooting craps and playing dominoes. I hung

around the domino parlors and was one of the best even when I was a kid. I made a living at dominoes by the time I was 15. I was learning all the games and learning about crooked dice, marked cards, how to protect myself."

"So one day some of us kids are sitting in front of a drugstore and a guy goes past in a Cadillac. 'Look at that sucker,' they say. 'he's worth \$100,000.' Another guy goes past in a Marmon Eight. 'Boy, look at that sucker going there,' they say. 'he's worth about \$50,000.' Then up comes an old Model T driven by a gambler called Blackie. 'This here's the smartest man in the world,' the kids say. Well, I'd known Blackie since he showed me how to make dice when I was 10. So Blackie comes over to me and asks to borrow 50c. For that he was gonna buy five gallons of gas, two hamburgers and a Coke. I get up and dust my pants off and give him 50c, and I say, 'Boys, I'm gonna go where the suckers are. I don't need the smartest man in the world.'"

Moss went to work in a Dallas gambling house as a lookout man, watching for cheaters. "First thing you know I turned out to be one of the best draw players in the card business," he says. "Next I joined the Elks Club because there was good, tight players there who could teach me." Still in his teens, Moss was on the road as a poker player. He worked the East Texas oilfields during the boom. He carried a pistol in his pocket and traveled wherever there was a big game.



GAMBLING

column

By then he had married a girl named Virgie Ann. Although she is a Baptist and disapproves of gambling, they remain married after 44 years. This is an astonishing record for a gambler, or anybody else, and has been achieved partly because Moss keeps his gambling life and his home life separate. An anecdote was told about another Fort Worth gambler named Jawbreaker, who was reading a newspaper in a bar one afternoon and saw that Montgomery Ward was having a sale on screen doors. "I got to go pick one up," he said. "Our back door has been broke for six months, and my wife's all over me about it." The point was that Jawbreaker seldom had less than \$5,000 cash in his pocket in an envelope bound by rubber bands, and could have ordered a screen door anytime, without waiting for a sale.

"But that was his gambling money, not his house money," says Moss. "I never touch our house money. I'd rather borrow from a bellhop than ask Virgie for a penny. I don't have no comment to her about gambling, win or lose." The Mosses own two apartment houses in Odessa, Texas. Virgie manages one, and their daughter Elowee runs the other. Moss goes home now and then from Las Vegas and lies beside the pool. "Virgie is a good manager with money. I might end up with nothing if it wasn't for her. She says she'd pay me \$1,000 a week to stay home and drink whiskey," he says. "But what would I do with \$1,000 a week if I couldn't gamble?"

Virgie's loyalty withstood severe testing early in their marriage. At 20, Moss won \$100,000 in a game and told her to buy a house. Before she could pick one out he was broke again. Later, in Lubbock, Texas, Johnny bet \$5,000 he could shoot a 46 on the nine-hole golf course using only a four-iron. At a blacksmith shop Moss bent his four-iron into about a 2½-iron. He was up every morning at dawn practicing. On the day of the contest Titanic Thompson, the famed gambler who was betting against Moss, asked if Johnny would like to wager another \$3,300 on shooting a 45. "I knew \$8,300 was all the money we had in the world," says Moss. "Virgie asked me to hold out at least enough to pay our hotel bill, but I bet it all. I'd never shot better than 46 in practice, but I knew when that money was on the line I could beat it."

On the first hole Moss' 10-foot putt for a birdie rolled straight at the hole and curved off. As he walked to the second tee, Moss was pondering. "My caddie said the ball had hit a rock, but there wasn't no rocks there. I had given the greenkeeper \$100 to keep the cups where they'd been when I was practicing. Couldn't be but one thing. Ti had got out there early and raised the cups." Moss sent his caddie to the second green to stomp the cup back down, a job accomplished so enthusiastically that a putt that should have gone wide went instead around the rim and dropped in for a birdie. Moss' caddie and Thompson raced to the third green. The game proceeded that way, and at the end Moss had shot 41 and won all bets.

Gamblers tell of another match Moss played in Roswell, N. Mex. for \$10,000 per hole. They say his caddie, who was getting 10%, won enough that day to buy 18 rent houses in West Texas.

Plays used on golf courses by gamblers are innumerable and sometimes fantastic. They range from outright cheating to gamesmanship to simple practical tricks, such as an old one that is currently popular again in Las Vegas—smearing the club face with Vaseline to prevent the ball from spinning into a hook or slice. On a tight hole at the Dunes golf course you see the jars of Vaseline emerge from each bag, and when the club is swung you hear *shuk!* rather than *whack!* Moss remembers a big-money match years ago when his caddie found an opponent's lost ball in the rough and hid it in Moss' bag. Moments later the opponent joyfully cried out that he had located his ball resting on a mound of grass with a clear shot to the green. "That ain't your ball," said Moss. The opponent looked at him for a long time and then said, "Johnny, if that ain't my ball, where is my ball?"

"I don't play golf anymore because I'm too old, but I was real successful at it when I did play," says Moss. "I never could shoot better than the high 70s, but the thing was I could always shoot my own game no matter what the bet. I never thought about the money or about the other guy, and the cup always looked big as a bucket. I knew how to handicap the match. There was a lot of guys who was three shots better than me, but when the money got real high I was three shots better than them. I knew they was going to choke, you see, and I knew I wasn't."

Playing in the New Mexico amateur tournament, in the third flight, Moss met a man he couldn't reach. "I was betting \$10,000 with some other gamblers that I could beat this fellow. He was a skinny little schoolteacher. I tried to get him to bet me 25¢ a hole to give him something to think about, then down to a nickel a hole, but he wouldn't bet. He kept hitting the ball down the middle, and he was killing me. His name was Buggs. My caddie was a real good boy named Elmo out of Paducah, Texas, and I told him to think of something. Well, on the next hole the caddie says, 'Your shot, Mr. Insect.' He says, 'My name is Buggs!' My caddie says, 'What's the difference between a bug and an insect? Your shot.' That schoolteacher got so mad I didn't have no more trouble with him."

The casino cage at the Dunes is about 100 feet from the right rear poker table. The front two poker tables—nickel ante, 25¢ minimum bet, \$20 limit—are usually occupied by players who have no concept of the sums changing hands behind them. When a man cashes in at the right rear table there are armed guards to walk him to the cage. "It's got to be this way," Moss says. "This country is full of thieves, thousands of them. They've ruined room poker. You go out to play at some roadhouse, you get hijacked. I've

TIPS FROM JOHNNY MOSS ON HOW TO WIN IN THE OFFICE POKER GAME

- *Don't bluff. In a limit game try to be sure you are going to turn over the best hand. When you have it, bet it. When you don't, get out.*
 - *Play for position. If you are the first bettor you need a stronger hand than if you can trail the bet.*
 - *Study the guys you're playing with.*
 - *Even if you're not in the pot, watch every hand and try to guess what it is.*
 - *Beware of cheats.*
 - *Don't drink.*
 - *Have patience and wait for a good hand. Just sit still when you have to.*
 - *In a high-low split game always play for the low hand. You can make a high hand accidentally.*
 - *Never act as if you are better than the people you are doing business with.*
-

been hit on the head, and they've stuck guns at Virgie. If I do go out on the road to play, I carry a double-barrel shotgun with me. I got it cocked when I go to my car and when I go to my room. If a hijacker wants my money anymore he's got to shoot me to get it, and there ain't many thieves will face a shotgun. But it ain't no kind of life for me on the road, either."

Years ago Moss was playing in a weekly poker game at a place in Beeville, Texas that was built like a pillbox. "I got a phone call from a guy in Dallas telling me I ought to skip the game for a while. That meant a hijacking coming up. I laid out for a couple of weeks and nothing happened. Then I went back, and we was playing, and all of a sudden they shot tear gas into the room, and all these guys with shotguns and gas masks, like they'd come out of space, had us surrounded. It was like a Army attack. They took a lot of money off us that night. Later when the police caught one of them, they closed off a whole block around his house in Dallas and used a loudspeaker to tell him to give up. That's what kind of notorious guy you're liable to run into."

All the thieves don't use guns. Some use mirrors, marked decks, magnets, fast fingers, "holdout machines" that produce cards from sleeves, palins that chaps suck to and dozens of other methods, including combining against a sucker to break him. Moss regards all this with a sort of neutral disdain. Once he flew from France to a town in Alabama after being tipped to a big game, and when he arrived he recognized five old acquaintances who were ganging up to beat a couple of rich suckers. "They offered me 40% if I'd stay and play, but I said I was sick and flew on back to Paris," he says. "The one thing a professional gambler has got is his reputation. If you become known as a cheater and a thief, that's no good, you see. There's different kinds of gamblers. There's gamblers, cheaters and cheating gamblers. If a cheater can't cheat he

won't play. If a cheating gambler can't cheat he'll play, but he'll lose because he can't beat nobody but suckers. What burns me up is every time a dice dealer or a pit boss gets arrested if e newspapers say he's a gambler. Well, he ain't no gambler—he's a workin' man. A real top gambler, he don't ever work or cut in with thieves."

A gambler named Amarillo Slim was responsible for widening Moss' education about thieves. Amarillo Slim called him to come to London, where one of Moss' favorite poker games, hold 'em, was being played. Moss and Amarillo Slim played a few times in a gambling club and won, and then Moss began to notice they had acquired a companion. "This guy was real broad, and he spoke English and went everywhere with us," says Moss. "Slim explained this guy was from a London gambling gang that had cut themselves in for 30% of our action. I said, well, we don't have to put up with that because nobody in London carries a gun, and so we don't have nothing to be scared of. Slim said, well, maybe this guy don't have no gun, but he does carry a hatchet that he uses to nail your hands to the floor if you don't come across. I decided I'd just go on home."

Although a professional gambler's life is precarious, fraught with robbers and runs of luck, one gambler, Puggy Pearson, has worked out a philosophy that allows him to maintain an even view of the world. Leaning on the fence beside the right rear poker table at the Dunes, chewing a cigar, wearing a straw hat and a golf shirt and watching stacks of black chips piling up in the middle of the table, Puggy explains how a man can adjust himself to the swing between fat and broke:

"Your body is just to carry your head around, that's all. Your head can get too far ahead of your body, but your mind don't know it. When you start losing it's because your head and your body ain't together. You got to

continued

GAMBLING

continued

quit for a while and cool yourself off. Like a guy can sit there for a week at that table, living on coffee and cigarettes, and he can get into a mental state when he don't know his body can't carry his head no more without some rest.

"Gambling is two things—knowing when you got the best of a 60-40 proposition and knowing how to manage yourself. Suppose you got no eyes or ears and you and me are gonna pitch pennies at a line. First I spin you around so you get dizzy and don't know what direction the line is at. Then if I've got \$1,000 and I bet it all on one throw you could still toss your penny in the air and it might roll onto that line and break me. That's bad management. What I got to do is divide my \$1,000 into 10 bets. Since I got far the best of it, I'll probably win all 10. But if I lose one you won't break me. There's thousands of good players who don't win. They don't know how to bet."

In the case of Johnny Moss, however, his specialty is knowing when to shove out all the chips. "No-limit poker is my game," Moss says. "Playing limit, even a high limit, they can always stay in and call you. Playing no-limit, you can win a big pot without even drawing all the cards. You can win a lot of money just by winning the antes if you know what you're doing. I'll show you what I mean. One time I heard this boy trying to borrow money on the phone, and a few minutes later we got tangled up in a big pot and I knew he couldn't get no more money. So I moved on him and took it. You got to do that. You can't allow no sugar in the game. If it was my own brother I would of broke him. If you want to be gentle to a fellow you can give him his money back later. Be easy on somebody during the game, they'll tear you up. You know your man, you look for a 'tell' that will show you what he's thinking, you move your checks right, and you bust him. That's the game."

But there is a way to hedge even then. It is called "insurance." An insurance broker will hang around a big game. Before the last card is turned he will offer odds on the best hand. An example of this was in a hold 'em game one recent night at the Dunes. With \$70,000 in the pot, it was figured that Player A was 10 to 1 to win the hand over Player B. The broker offered 8 to 1, and Player A took it for \$5,000. Player B drew a lucky card and won the pot. But Player A still picked up \$40,000 from the insurance broker.

Hold 'em is a game in which two cards are dealt to each player and three are dealt facedown in the middle. The hole cards are bet, then the three in the middle are turned up and are bet as if in the hand of each player. Finally two more cards are turned up and bet on, making it a seven-card game. Hold 'em is a wild, high-gambling game, back in fashion with big bettors after almost dying out. Another popular game now is razz, a seven-card stud low game. They also play ace to five and deuce to seven, five-

card draw games with the low hand winning. Sometimes there are five-card stud games, high or low, or seven-card high stud, but these classic games are somewhat out of style at the moment.

"People don't play so much stud anymore," says Red Wynne, who is in his 70s and has been known as one of the country's best stud players for 50 years. "It's because stud is too hard a game. You got to be a good, strong player. With razz or hold 'em, there's a lot of luck, anybody can win. Just like everything else these days. It used to be that kids wanted to gamble and make something of themselves. Now they just want to smoke weed and take the easy way."

It is nearly midnight now, although the same soft, dull light fills the casino. Johnny Moss is standing at the bar, drinking coffee from a glass with a napkin around it. He is talking about the time he was in a car wreck and a couple of friends were killed, and he awoke in the hospital with a deacon praying beside the bed. Moss says he asked the deacon if gambling was a sin. The deacon replied, "You trying to find out something for nothing?"

Everyone laughs. Another gambler named Surge is standing there. They are waiting to see if Joe Bernstein will show up again. Earlier, Bernstein had lost a bit to Moss playing pitch and then had stomped out of the Dunes in a rage after making a point at the dice table that didn't count because the dice hit the dealer on the hand. They talk about Bernstein's voice and remember how loud it was the night the IRS agents rushed up to the poker table and confiscated his chips. Bernstein had followed the agents out to the car, waved one chip at them and bellowed: "You forgot this one, you bastards!"

Moss is restless. He wants to play. A game had almost started at the right rear table, but one player had demanded they play razz with a \$300 limit, and Moss got up and walked off. "Then yellow checks hurt my eyes," he said, referring insultingly to 55 chips. He takes off his glasses and puts them into his sweater pocket. His eyes are still sharp, but with the glasses he says he can see a fingernail flick on a card from across the room.

"Joe is coming," says Surge. "He's still mad."

"I know what you buzzards are after, and you're not gonna get it," Bernstein says. He lights a cigar and orders a drink. "But I might be willing to teach you, John Moss, how to play a game called gin rummy. A boy like you ought to learn all the games."

"Teach me!" says Surge.

They grin and go to the right rear table and sit down. After an hour or two the game of gin will turn into a game of hold 'em, and at this time tomorrow night they may still be sitting there, with black chips and \$100 bills stacked up before them in numbers that rise and dwindle with the passing of the hours. "Sometimes it gets kind of exciting," Moss says.

END

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True, it rides on a tight 97-inch wheelbase. And true, it's designed for only four passengers. Nonetheless, Vega feels much bigger. In fact, it has as much room per passenger as many big cars.

There are some other big things about our little Vega, too. Like its amazingly peppy performance. Vega has enough reserve power to conquer steep hills and merge easily onto 8-lane freeways. Yet it hums along with a degree of quietness that is all too unusual in little cars.

One more thing that makes Vega feel big: it's a very secure little car. That's due to a whole bunch of things—10" front disc brakes, wide stance, low center of gravity, steel side-guard beams in the doors, and lots of GM safety features.

What we're trying to say is this: Vega is just as much car as any big car, only it's smaller.

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Lest you become overwhelmed by its bigness, however, you should rest assured that Vega takes full advantage of its littleness as well.

The 97-inch wheelbase helps it turn around in just 33 feet, curb to curb.

The unique engine is stingy enough to let you go by gas stations where you were once a steady customer. In fact, in our highway tests, Vega's been getting in the neighborhood of 25 mpg with the standard engine and transmission. And that's a pretty nice neighborhood.

And the handling. This just might be Vega's biggest virtue. It rides smoothly and steadily down a turnpike, or darts neatly in and out of traffic. Vega has a tight 22.5:1 overall

steering ratio. And because of its low, wide stance, it's unusually stable in crosswinds.

What it is is fun. Plain old fun.

140CID-OHC4 & other mysteries

Basically, the Vega engine is a 140-cubic-inch overhead cam with an aluminum block.

It comes in two versions: base with 90 horsepower (80 SAE net), and a bigger version with 110 horsepower (93 SAE net) and 2-barrel carburetion. Both run efficiently on no-lead, low-lead or regular gas. And with lower exhaust pollutants.

As you've probably noticed, the Vega engine is pretty big for such a little car. That's why it has such good acceleration. And that's also why it turns slower at cruising speeds—which means it won't suffer the wear and tear of high rpm.

Nor is it as noisy as an engine that's turning faster.

Yet, because of a breakthrough in aluminum-engine technology, our little giant is able to sip gas, not guzzle it.

All in all, it's a whale of a little engine.

**If you like the 1971 Vega,
you'll like the 1975 Vega.**

There's something else we think you should know right away: now that Vega is out, it's going to stay out.

We don't plan to change it for at least four years. We think you'll like it, just the way it is.

Naturally, there is the possibility that we'll find ways to improve Vega from a functional standpoint. If we do, we will. We'll make you a promise, though: no change for the sake of change.

So when you look at the 1971 Vega, you'll be getting a preview of Vegas to come:

**6300 places to get the service
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We've designed the Vega to have as few service problems as possible. In fact, we think it'll prove far superior to most cars on the road in this respect.

LOT OF CAR LITTLE CAR.

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Another is Vega's engine. It's designed to be as durable as an anvil.

A third reason: pre-testing. We've tested Vega for over 6,000,000 total driving miles. 6,000,000. That's equivalent to going around the world 240 times.

But since no car is perfect, your Vega will need a little help sooner or later. And when it does, we offer more of it than any other automobile manufacturer in the world. 6300 authorized Chevrolet dealers.

Besides that, Chevrolet dealers have special storage bins, special parts, and special training on servicing this little car.

In addition, every new Vega comes with

a miniature service manual, loaded with things you can do yourself.

Obviously, we can't say Vega is service-free. But we will say this: if you're looking for trouble, you've come to the wrong place.

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We realize that we've made some pretty big claims for our little Vega, but we have a good reason.

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Like we said up front, we don't think there's another little car in the world that can offer as much as the Vega.

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Pictured below: blue hatchback coupe, red sedan, yellow Kammback wagon and green panel truck.



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BOBBY (CONT.)

Sirs:

I must question one critic (19th Hole, Jan. 11) of your selection of Bobby Orr as the Sportsman of the Year. Martin J. Anselmi's contemporary cry of racism in hockey seems to have arisen from a blatant lack of knowledge of the nature of the game. The main prerequisite for any NHL hopeful is the ability to skate. Since very few black athletes play hockey or have the skating ability that is necessary, very few play in the pros. However, I would like to point out that the Boston Bruins' roster was integrated before that of the Boston Red Sox (i.e., Willie O'Ree was skating around in the Boston Garden before Pumpsie Green took his first at bat at Fenway Park).

I am not surprised that the criticism came from residents of New York City, home of the also-ran Rangers. Cry on, gentlemen, but don't expect the Stanley Cup to catch your tears; it is and will be ours (or Orr's) for some time to come.

ROBERT N. SHERRIFF

Revere, Mass.

Sirs:

First of all, 99% or more of all hockey players come from Canada, which has a small black population, so where would the NHL get a larger number of black players?

As for the alleged anti-Semitic remarks directed toward one Jewish player, what about the names the French players call the players of English descent? I'm not defending such remarks, but in any game the object is to rile the opposition.

Hockey deserves recognition and Bobby Orr deserves it most of all.

BERNARDIE GOLAS

Mattapan, Mass.

Sirs:

Please explain to Floyd Dimond, who wrote in reference to Orr's "bad manners," that the Sportsman award is given to a man, as in human being, not as in god or saint. If he wants to give an award to a saint, fine, but he's going to have one heck of a time finding one!

PENNY TAYLOR

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sirs:

A Sportsman isn't picked on how he drives out of a parking lot or on whether he's black or Jewish. It depends on his play, his attitude toward the game and its players, and on a number of other things. I don't think SI could have made a better choice.

LAURENCE ROSE

Fort Montgomery, N.Y.

LONE RANGER

Sirs:

How could Mark Mulvey state that the New York Rangers collapsed late last season simply because Eddie Gaucuttin was overworked in the nets (*It Takes Two to H in the Cup*, Jan. 11)? There is an old saying in hockey: Get past the forwards and you have the defensemen; get past the defensemen and you have the goalie; get past the goalie and you have a red light. It became easier to score against the Rangers late last season mainly because they lost the services, through injuries, of five other key players: Jim Neilson, Brad Park, Dennis Marshall, Arnie Brown and V. H. Hoddfield.

A well-balanced, two-way team keeps the puck out of the net, not just the goalie. Of course Gaucuttin benefits from the rest he is getting this year, but he lost last year was not his fault.

NORA E. GARDNER

New York City

Sirs:

I read the article while watching the Rangers' alternate goalie, Gilles Villeneuve, shut out the Minnesota North Stars 1-0. Mulvey's analysis was up to date and truthful.

BRIAN P. KURTZ

Spring Valley, N.Y.

Sirs:

Mulvey's article won't be the last on the Rangers this year. This time they are not going to collapse on the way to the cup.

DAVID LUKINS

Weston, Conn.

SPORT IN ART

Sirs:

I am an art enthusiast as well as a sports fan, so it has always been necessary for me to subscribe to two magazines in order to pursue both interests. But your masterful article of Jan. 11 (*Games Children Play*) has satisfied both themes. Alexander Eliot has given us an edifying glance into Bruegel's painting that is certainly worthy of publication in any art magazine. He has also given us new insights into athletics of 400 years ago. An excellent combination.

DENNIS LEONOWITZ

Flushing, N.Y.

Sirs:

Alexander Eliot involved me so deeply in his magnificent interpretation of the Bruegel masterpiece *Children's Games* that he made me forget to watch all the television sports that afternoon.

DEE LUSON

Portland, Ore.

GAMESMAN

Sirs:

I would like to commend SI and Walter Bingham for a truly amazing article (*The World's Greatest Gamesman*, Jan. 11). Bingham's sincere admiration for a fellow addict of the trivial side of sport is quite refreshing, and his approach to Eddie Kantar's obsessions, and even his own, was very amusing. Obviously, Kantar, at 38, is an active and talented athlete who attacks life for all it can offer.

MARK R. SEGMENT

Williamsville, N.Y.

Sirs:

Until I read of Messrs. Bingham and Kantar, I thought I was the world's greatest gamesman. Thanks for the lesson in humility—and for one of the most interesting articles in my five years of enjoying SI.

HOWARD CLARK

Johnson City, Tenn.

NONCONFORMIST

Sirs:

Having just read (twice) Jerry Kirshenbaum's article on Stewart (Barefoot) McDonald's *Jap Hot, White Tie and Beer Ties*, Jan. 41, I suggest you incorporate an IPS (Individual Personalities in Sport) department into your format. Articles on nonconformists in our rules-and-red-tape world will forever remain a delight to your readers who may sometimes become bored with the standard reports of events. Thanks for this one.

MIKE WASS

Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

Sirs:

It's too bad we don't all have a touch of Barefoot McDonald's free-wheeling approach to life. Congratulations for recognizing a man who is really living.

JERRY ASHLING

Mildenhall, England

NOISE POLLUTION

Sirs:

Re your Jan. 4 *Second* item entitled "The Forest's Prime Evil," I am sure that the snowmobile and the motorcycle will be with us for some time, and while it is true that their noises may give a feeling of power to some, that noise is becoming extremely irritating to others.

The answer may lie in the development of silent-running snowmobiles and motorcycles with built-in tape decks on which tapes of standard noises could be played. The user could plug in his or her earpiece and speed off in quiet silence while turning

up the volume and roaring along in inner sonosity to his heart's content.

I am sure that the experts could also synchronize the volume control with the throttle so that the rider could get that personal feeling of power. The good citizens would no longer become irritated at this noise pollution since there would be no noise, and city fathers could then turn their attention exclusively to the safety aspects of snowmobile and motorcycle operation within city limits.

DONALD E. YOUNG
Mayor
City of Spearfish

Spearfish, S. Dak.

SHADES OF GLORY

Sirs:

In your Jan. 4 SCORECARD section you discussed the various colors of shoes that baseball and other sports teams now plan to wear. You overlooked the ABA's Indiana Pacers, who are already setting the style: they are wearing brilliant blue shoes on the court this season.

DOUG RICE

Indianapolis

Sirs:

In an article last year (*Oat' Sheet to Yellow to Red*, March 30) Roy Blount detailed Charles O. Finley's and my suggestion that baseball consider using colored bases. The article ended with the question: "Where have you gone, Brian Barsamian?"

This is to inform you that I am still here in Oakland—a year older, a little wiser, but unhappy. I am distressed that baseball has taken no action on this suggestion and has apparently made no arrangements for even a tryout of the idea during this coming spring training. Where were you and the other reputable sports publications, athletes, sports personalities and color television executives who failed to seriously research this suggestion and instead apparently treated it as a gimmick presented by the colorful and controversial owner of the Oakland A's? Would this suggestion have been given more serious consideration if it had been submitted by a person less controversial than Mr. Finley? Exciting baseball can compete with football for the title of No. 1 national sport, but can it compete against old-fashioned tradition in the hands of individuals who are color-blind?

BRIAN BARSAMIAN

Oakland, Calif.

CAVALIER ATTITUDE

Sirs:

I'd like to thank you for your recent article on the Cleveland Cavaliers (*The Madcap Cars of Cleveland*, Dec. 14) because I have a feeling that they won't be around in a few years. Cleveland fans don't support a

cleveland



FRANK BOBO, THE YOUNG MAN SAMPLING THE MASH, is the first Jack Daniel stiller who's no kin to a Motlow.

Lem Tolley (the other man) learned to still whiskey from his uncle Lem Motlow, who learned all he knew from his uncle, Jack Daniel. And Mr. Tolley handed down all his knowledge to young Frank, the head stiller at Jack Daniel's today. Here in the hollow, folks say Frank has learned his lessons so well he even *looks* like a Motlow. Well, we don't know about that. But we're sure glad he makes whiskey like one.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP



BY DROP

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10TH HOLE Continued

losing team. What the fans don't know is that an expansion team is going to lose games during its first few years but, after that, can turn into a great team like Milwaukee. Maybe our first-round draft choice, whether it be Sidney Wicks, Aris Gilmore or whoever, will spark the team like Alvinde did the Bucks.

BRIAN HENRY

University Heights, Ohio

BONES

Sir,

Frank Deford tied hard in his article delineating the bones of the world (*Who Bleeds the U.S. Nose Coats?*, Dec. 23), but he blew it when he concluded that repetitions use of the word "really" is confined to the Ski Bore. It is, of course, a major ingredient in the vocabulary of the Sincere-Young-Person Bore. However, it is not for this that I take Frank to task, but rather for his failure to complete his thesis. He omitted *The Nod*!

Even a casual observer will attest to the fact that following utterance of the pseudo-metric "really" comes an even more phony series of head noddings of no known numerical limitation. Last night, in what formerly was my favorite bar but has recently been invaded by the unwashed, I overheard a string-haired creature of undetermined sex punctuate a sentence by *The Nod* 21 times (actual count).

Author Deford is simply not a student of the art. Really. Nod, nod, nod.

WALT BREWSTER

Columbus, Ohio

Sir,

That article was an unnecessary bore!

ALAN J. SCHULZ

Helion, Conn.

Sir,

Who Bleeds the U.S. Nose Coats? was a very humorous article and captured the main types of bones.

TED BRADSHAW

Summit, N. J.

Sir,

In answer to Frank Deford's article, if each Ski Bore continued just one flabby, cigarette-puffing coffee drinker that there was a wholesome, healthy, happy alternative—namely, skiing—to his sitting on his ever-spreading derriere, complaining about the weather and annually wishing the winter months of his life away, then we would have a much happier population. And probably much less nose blowing.

DONA CULLEN

Killington, Vt.

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